Saturday Review

March 7, 1964 25¢

SR / RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

WHAT SCIENCE WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT COMMUNIST CHINA

By John Lear

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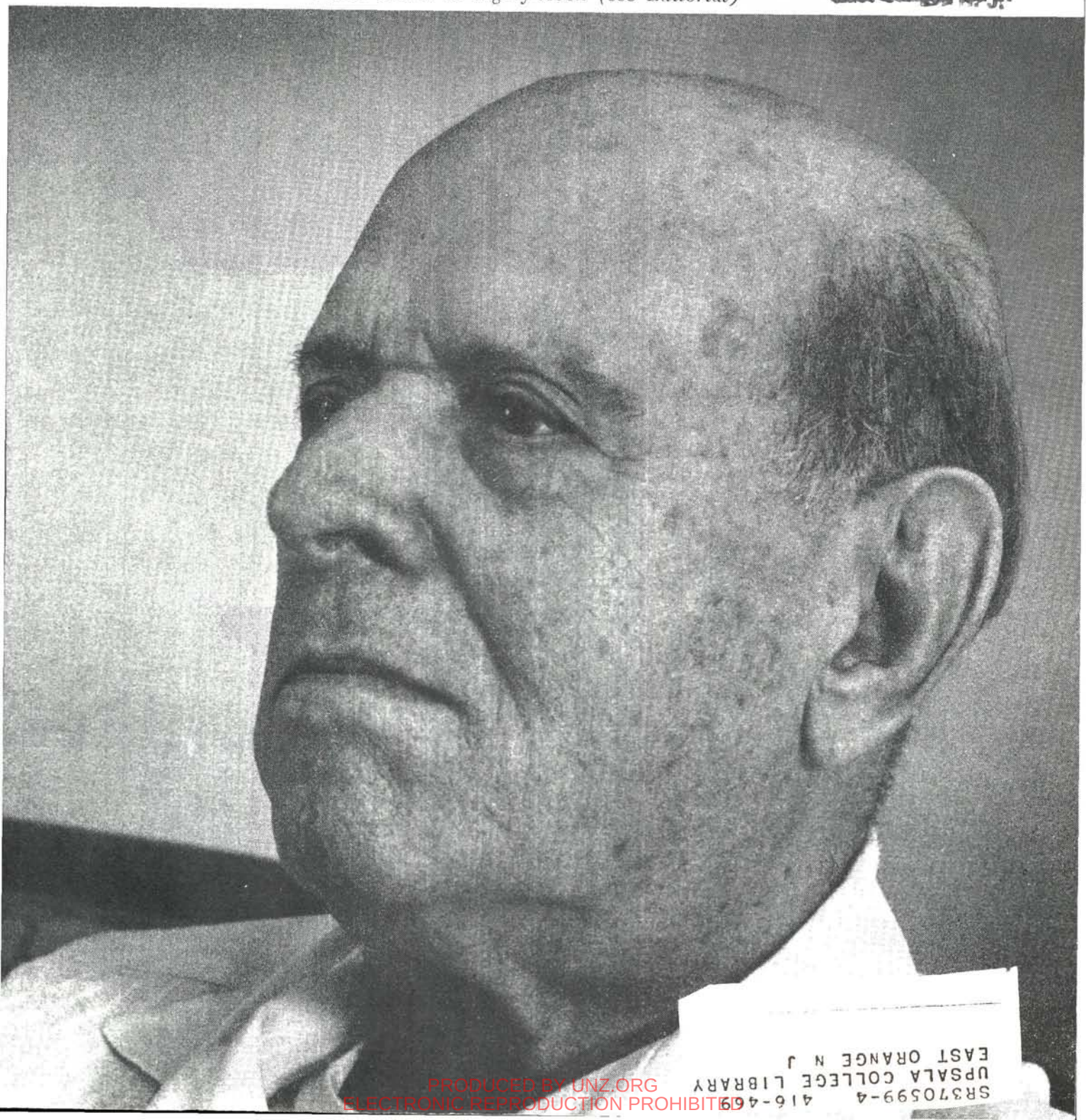
Pablo Casals at Eighty-seven (see Editorial)



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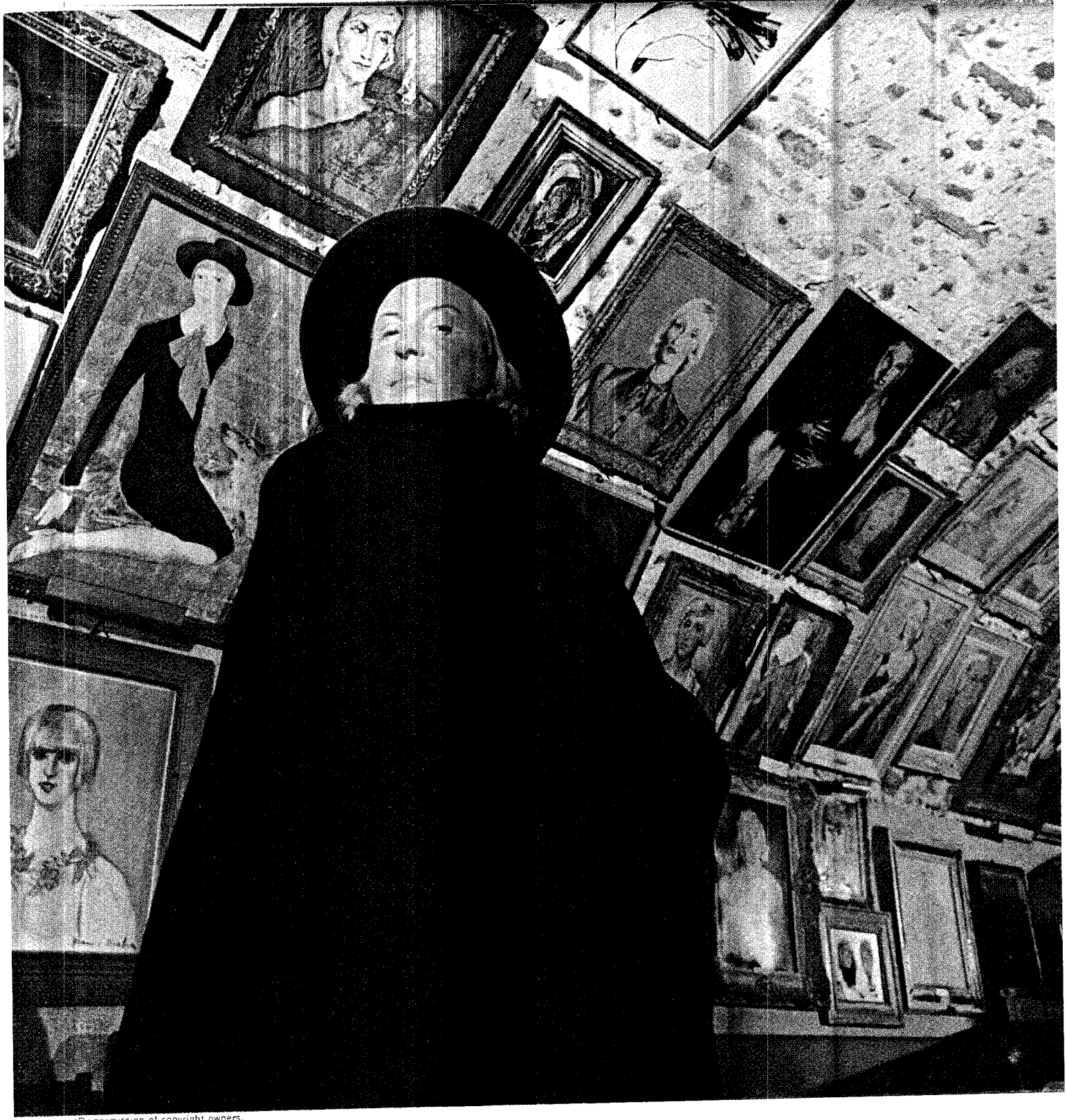

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If you knew Suzy like they knew Suzy—oh! oh! oh! what a girl!

Suzy Solidor had a pow effect on painters. *The* chanteuse of Paris in the '30s, she was painted by everybody who was anybody—including Picasso, Cocteau and Seurat. Some saw her as a child; some saw her as a woman too beautiful to spoil with even a rosebud.

The whole incredible collection hangs in Suzy's late-night club in the cellar of a medieval château in Haut-de Cagnes, near Nice and Cannes. Suzy still sings there. In a bullfighter's cape and a voice spiced with experience.

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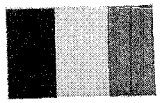

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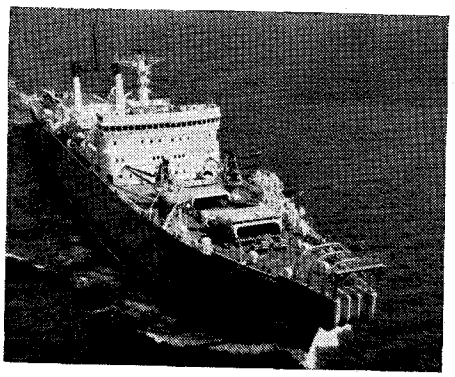
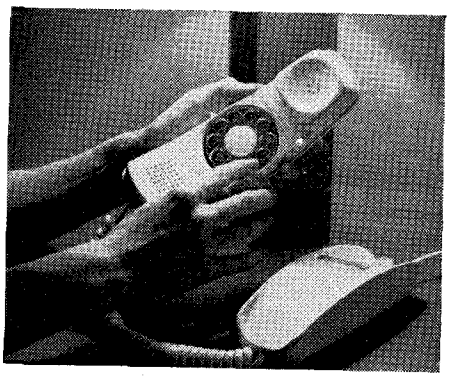
Where was the Bell System on

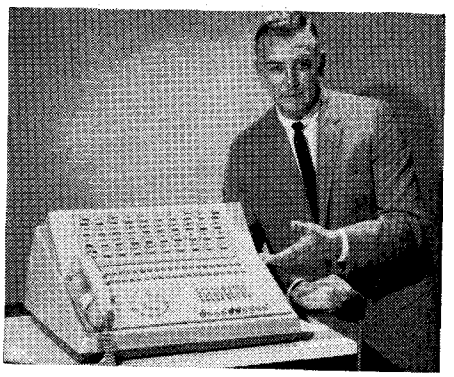
Feb. 28, 1964?



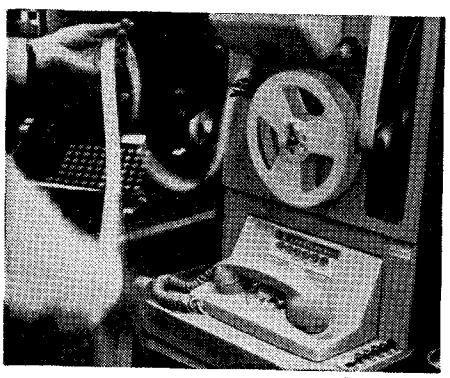
It was engaged with its cable ship, C. S. Long Lines, in laying a new undersea telephone cable from Hawaii to Japan.



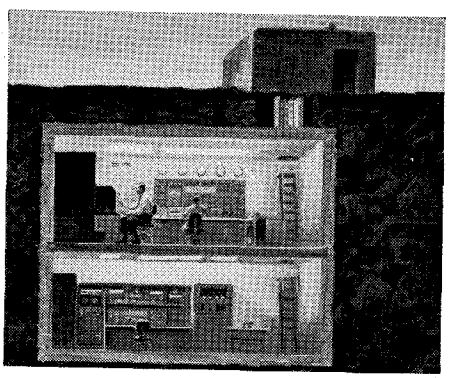
It was adding to its line of home services to give customers an ever-growing choice of phone styles, colors and uses.



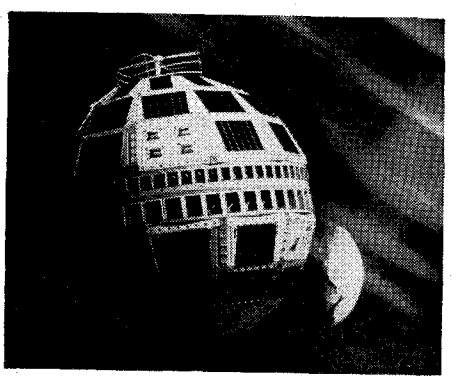
It was bringing out new equipment to help its Communications Consultants tailor more efficient services for business.



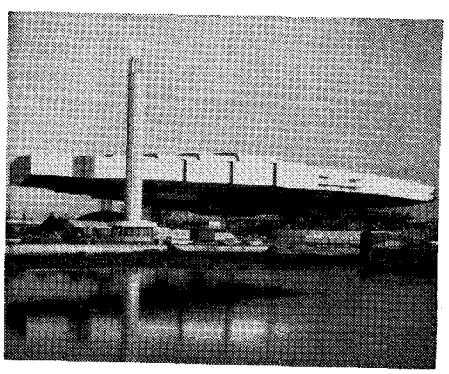
It was adapting transmission facilities to handle more and different kinds of data between distant business machines.



It was "hardening" its communications for defense by burying cables, bypassing major cities, training for emergencies.

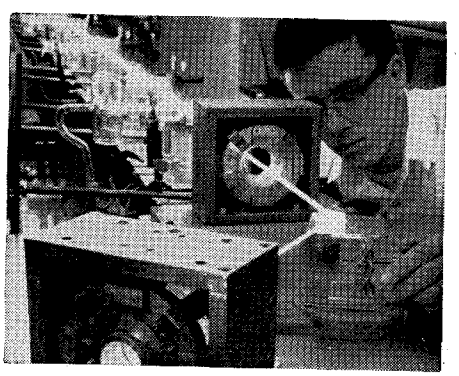


It was continuing experiments with space communications—the new art in which its Telstar® satellites were pioneers.



It was readying its exhibit at the New York World's Fair for an expected 30,000,000 visitors during 1964 and 1965.

It was extending microwave routes for TV, telephone and data, and designing new facilities for future growth.



It was conducting research in many fields including studies of certain light waves and their communications potential.

As on every day, the Bell Telephone System was busy in many ways improving present services, bringing out new ones, and providing America with the world's finest communications system.

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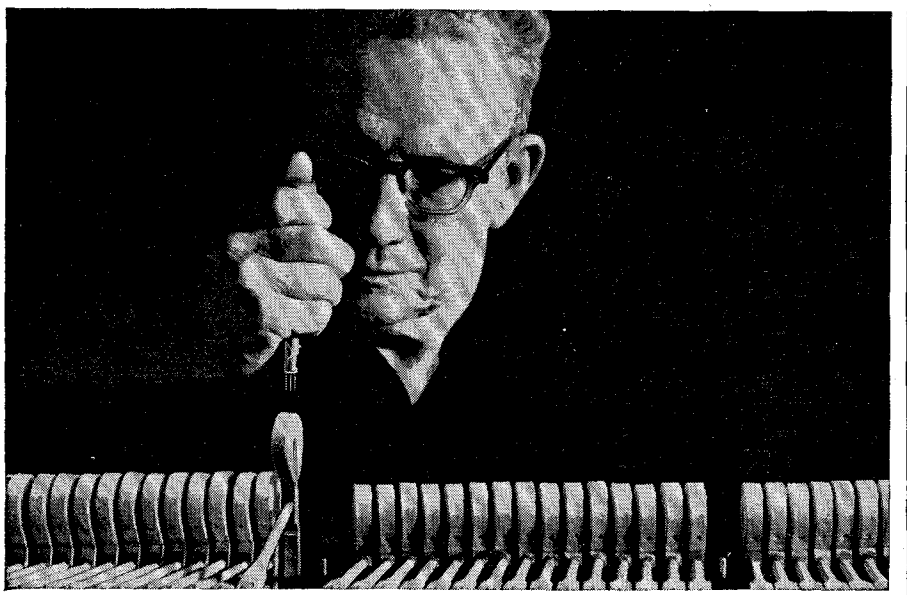

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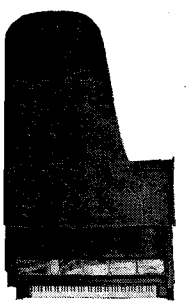

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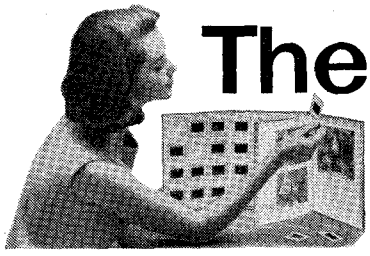

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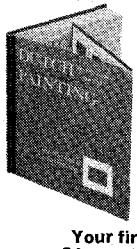

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"Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer"

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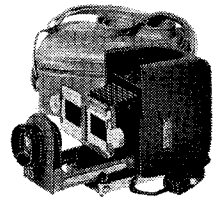

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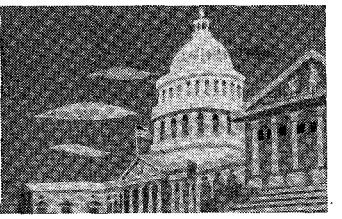
State of Affairs



The Beginning

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Henry Brandon, for fourteen years United States correspondent for the Sunday Times of London, will regularly contribute to SR from Washington and elsewhere.*

PRESIDENT KENNEDY used to say that "you can always survive a mistake in domestic affairs but you may get killed by one made in foreign policy," and that no doubt was one of the reasons why shortly after he came into the White House he began to place increasingly heavy emphasis on foreign affairs.

President Johnson's task in having to grasp the reins of the Presidency overnight was made a little easier because international affairs at the time somehow gave him a brief respite that he used with extraordinary skill to establish himself as an effective leader at home. In a breathtaking manner he took hold of the Presidency and asserted his authority. Like a dashing suitor he turned Congress's head and created a sense of camaraderie with the legislature that even if it cannot last, nevertheless ought to stand him in good stead.

It would be too soon to expect him to establish the same kind of authority over the conduct of foreign affairs—for which he does not have the inborn instinct that he has for national politics. He is guided by certain broad, sweeping ideas but is uninterested in the details that made President Kennedy both desk officer and policy-maker.

The late President used his wise, patient, and self-effacing Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, as his chief negotiator. The conduct of foreign affairs, however, and especially all major initiatives, the President kept in his own hands. The man who helped him in this perhaps more than any other was the brilliant, pragmatic activist McGeorge Bundy, Special Assistant for National Security Affairs. There was something of a Becket relationship between the two, though there was never any doubt that he was only the chancellor, not the archbishop.

President Johnson, too, will keep control of foreign policy—no President can escape this task—but his preference is probably to leave as much as possible of its operation to those assigned to the task. This will require certain adjustments on both the directing and working levels of the State Department. In Mr. Kennedy's days every desk officer felt that the President was looking over his shoulder, but it also meant that everybody waited for the small brain trust headed by the President to develop ideas and decide on initiatives. Now the State Department faces a new situation and an opportunity to assume its traditional role as guardian and initiator of foreign policy. This above all is a test for Mr. Rusk, for while in domestic matters the President has no peer—he simply gives orders by following his own mind and instincts—in foreign policy he will for some time be choosing from various alternatives submitted to him. An interest in events for their own sake from a national as well as an international viewpoint comes only gradually, as it did with President Kennedy.

AT his first formal press conference Mr. Johnson held his own on domestic matters but created some confusion over foreign policy. And if he is loath to expose himself to the kind of set press conferences with "specialists" present who tend to ask informed, long-range policy questions, in contrast with White House regulars who are more interested in the spot news story, then it will be necessary for the Secretary of State to fill the void.

The President has gone to great length to see large numbers of reporters individually or in groups, but these chats and dips in the White House swimming pool provide more of an insight into his heart than into his policy concepts. The country and the world have become accustomed to getting guidance about American policy via the press conference. And not the smallest reason for filling this vacuum, of course, is the ego of the press corps, which is not insensitive to the fact that its absence from the spotlight lessens its importance as the *vox populi*. One way to meet the situation would be for the Secretary of State to hold more frequent meetings with the press; another, to submit questions to the President in advance, at least on foreign policy. The purpose of a press conference is not, after all, to prove the verbal agility of the President, but to become enlightened—especially at a time when the U.S. is being buffeted by several crises: the dispute with Panama, which in itself is not a serious affair except for the effect it is having on the rest of Latin America; the ugly question, which may need to be answered before the elections, of whether the United States should involve itself more deeply in combat in South Vietnam; the problem of the fading unity in NATO and the breaking up of the wall of containment around Communist China. Foreign policy problems are much like flowers in a garden. They need constant attention, and occasional pruning; and however much President Johnson has promised to tend the Kennedy garden, he will need to do some fresh planting.

Kennedy had an extraordinary sense for the unfolding of history. He felt that he knew the kind of standard of excellence Americans want to achieve, and he felt that he was the man to achieve it. In the process he could take certain risks. Johnson sees himself much more as representing the consensus of what Americans want here and now—which does not mean that he is seeking the lowest common denominator; he is merely anxious not to put too great a strain on the American system.

He is doing brilliantly in promoting his domestic program, but in the end it will be what he is able to do in foreign policy that will determine his standing in the country and in the world. —HENRY BRANDON.

On the Magnanimity of God

By Kathleen Knudsen

A FLY marches back and forth on the window looking
for another place to march back and forth on the window
the fly watches itself and in looking back upon itself sighs.
they both look and think I look particularily fly today.
what comradeship no, living creatures hadn't dreamed
so much, had dreamed so much, as dreamed of in the window,
each his own confessor, being especially frank
each his own pardoner, being equally honest,
each his own photograph of what he remembers
as the best in a generation of flies!
God is waiting for the fly to talk to Him!

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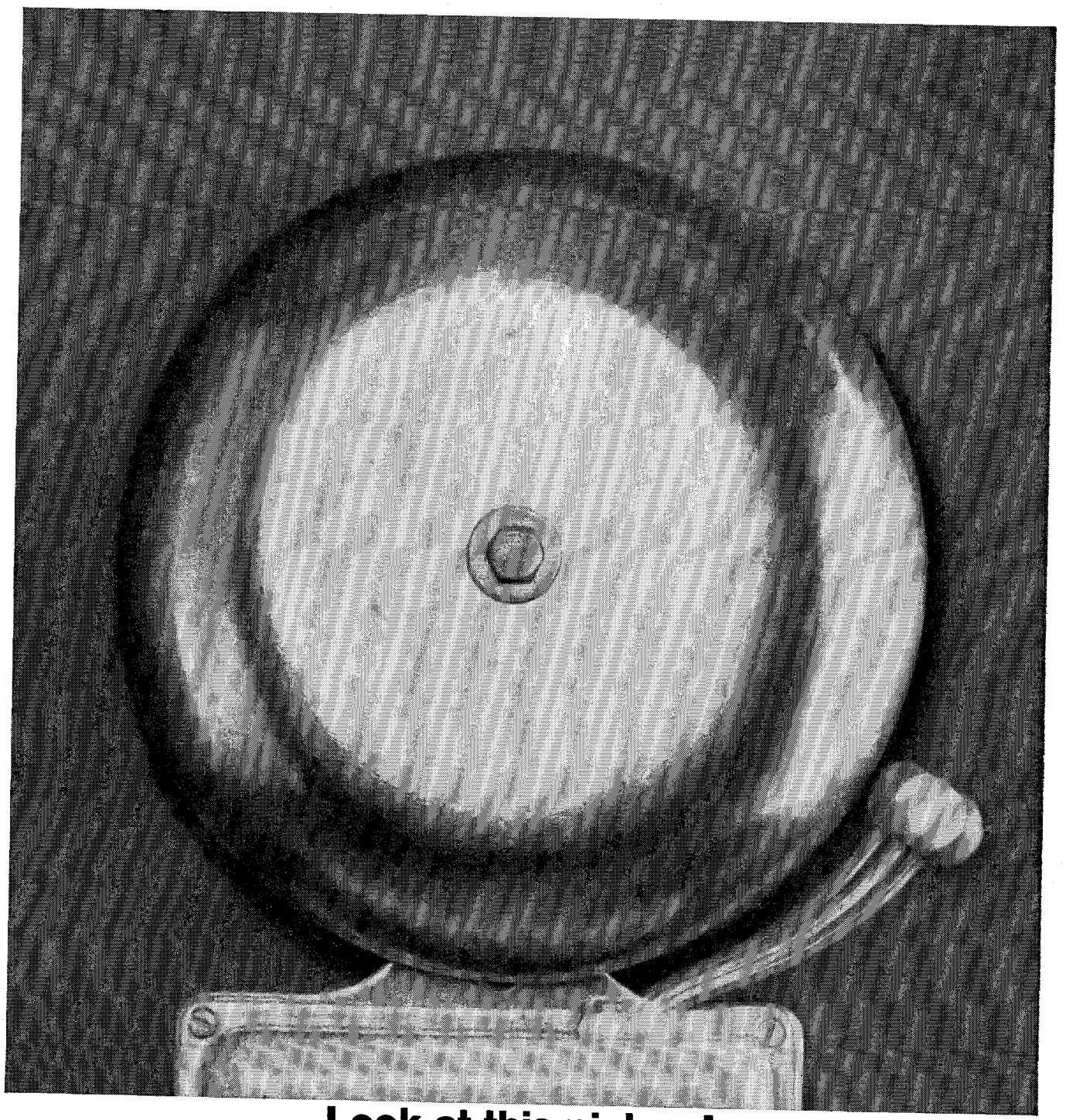

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"The most magnificent lady..."

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The story of the hectic first half of her life in England, as champion of a host of progressive causes, was told in *The First Five Lives of Annie Besant.* ($7.50). The fascinating Indian phase, from 1893 to 1933, is recorded now in

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by Arthur H. Nethercot

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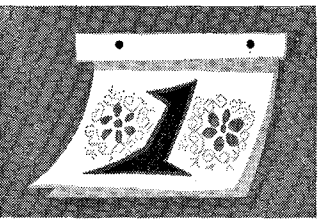

By CLEVELAND AMORY

FEBRUARY was the month of Cyprus and Gitmo, of Jack Ruby and Frank Sinatra, Jr., of Lucy Baines and Warrie, of Goodnight, Irene and *Hello, Dolly!*, of the Beatles and the Frog. It was also the month when *Time* magazine hit a new low in tastelessness—with its cover picture of Mrs. Lee Oswald. Meanwhile, Oswald's mother, undertaking a career in lecturing—which we hope will be of short duration—told Milton Viorst that she was indignant that Jacqueline Kennedy had failed to send condolences to her. "After all," she said, breaking into a sob, "we loved Lee just as much as she loved her husband. We're human beings, too. I'm indignant at her and I resent her thinking we're not as good as she is."

• • •

The story of the month was the coming elections. Of course, at this moment, before the final returns are in and the last notebook stolen, it is too early to say definitely. But the way we figure it, it's Cronkite for President and either Harry Reasoner, Mike Wallace, or a man named Dave Dugan, for heaven's sake, as his running mate. Nonetheless, early returns indicate that the No. 2 team of Brinkley for President and Huntley for Vice President, balanced by the campaign song possibilities of Merrill Mueller and Sandor Vanocur, on top of the solid front of Frank McGee, was certainly a ticket to be reckoned with. And, just when the whole thing was, in all senses of the word, up in the air, along came ABC with a brand new idea of a third term for the third network. Using former President Eisenhower on top of a conservative ground swell, which they planned to balance on the grass-roots level with liberals Howard K. Smith and Edward P. Morgan, they were, in primary time, right in the thick of it. The danger was, of course, that CBS News, under Bill Leonard, which has had an office of fifty people working full time on the elections since 1961, may have lost its fine edge. So, of course, NBC hoped. In any case, it was not only sending 600 people up to the New Hampshire primaries—pretty close to one per voter—but was also litterbugging the Granite State with pictures of the Messrs. Huntley and Brinkley. Unfortunately, both the latter appeared to be far too busy to make the trip in person—in fact, the only way the New Hampshirites were going to be able to see more of them was to stop voting and go home and watch them on TV.

• • •

February was also a great month for what the late, great Philadelphia essayist Agnes Repplier called "The Repeal of Reticence." It all started when modest editor Ted Patrick of *Holiday* was surprised to find himself hailed in a full-page ad by David Ogilvy—himself no mean reticence-repealer. Afterwards, hard on Patrick's heels, came a full-page tribute by *Look* to *Look* editor Dan Mich. And, out in Detroit, the Detroit *News*, not to be outdone, burst out with the story that its publisher, Peter B. Clark, had received the award as Detroit's Outstanding Young Man of 1963. Finally, on the NBC *Today* show, Miss Pat Fontaine announced a hot news flash—that President Johnson had started a series of luncheons for women prominent in public affairs. This first luncheon included, said Miss Fontaine, "Helen Hayes, the wives of several Senators, and Mrs. Robert Kintner, the wife of the president of NBC." All in all, it set—Presidentially speaking, of course—a dangerous precedent.

• • •

Louis Sobol, the man who patrols Broadway after dark, came up with not one but two literary scoops of the month. One was his strange-coincidence-department comparison between Camus's *The Fall* and Arthur Miller's *After the Fall*—which added fuel to the fire of those already irritated with Mr. Miller's portrait of Miss Monroe. The other was the story of how agent Charles Feldman had bought what many people considered the overrated book of the year, *The Group*, for $100,000—on the recommendation of a friend. "And the amazing thing," Sobol went on to report, "was that the friend hadn't read it either."

• • •

On the marriage front during the month, you paid your money and you took your chances. In a first-of-its kind, upper-middle-class "successful" marriage study, Ohio State University's John Cuber was quoted in *McLean's*, via *In-*

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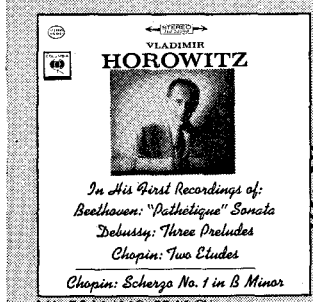
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ ON COLUMBIA MASTERWORKS



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sider's Newsletter, as saying that extramarital affairs do not create tremendous guilt. "That is sentimental rubbish," he declared. "Extramarital affairs often provide the vital part of life that is missing in the marriage and serve to fulfill marriage that, if ignored, could lead to unhappiness and separation." Meanwhile, at a University of California symposium, Dr. Russel V. Lee, of the Palo Alto Medical Research Foundation, came up with the pay-off. "Considering man as he *is*, as a mammal," he said, "monogamous marriage is a bizarre and unnatural state. In a state of nature, the normal buck, bull, stallion, or primate collects, dominates, protects, and impregnates as many females as he possibly can."

• • •

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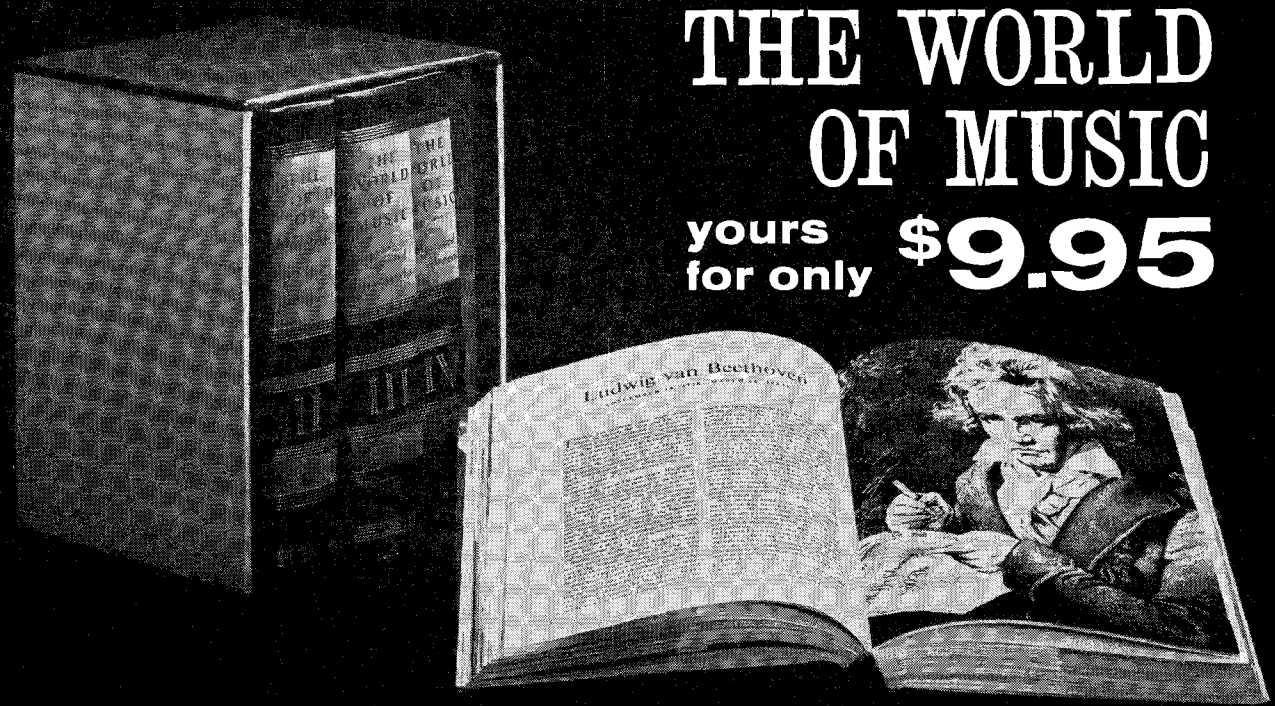

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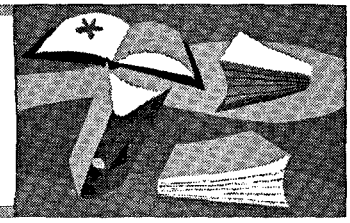

From Seattle, Eric Nelson sends us a classified "For Sale" advertisement that needs no comment:

> Complete Skydiving equipment. Used only once. Phone after 9 P.M.

Whatever courage is needed for skydiving is equally necessary when it comes to making forecasts in the book publishing business. Though we met with considerable resistance, we have managed to persuade a cluster of publishers to come right out with a series of uninhibited predictions for the best-seller list in the months to come. What's more, we have insisted that any predictions must include the time at which the books involved will first appear on the best-seller list, and we have threatened to report in these columns several follow-up comments to indicate whether the fearless forecasters proved to be right or wrong.

Many publishers have responded with courage, some even with bravado. Some, however, are reluctant or shy. You may want to make note of some of these crystal-ball prophecies, if only to see how wrong (or how right) a publisher can be.

For the month of February (not yet over at the time of this forecast) only one publisher has come out with a prediction for the list. (Let's agree that it's the *New York Times* list that we're talking about.) Putnam's, without a quaver in its editorial voice, claims that Elliot Baker's new novel, *A Fine Madness*, will be on the list before the month is over. By the time this column appears, February will indeed be a thing of the past, and the appearance—or non-appearance—of the book on the list can be checked immediately. (Editor Harvey Ginsberg sent us the galleys of this one last August, and we passed it along to our secret, nonaffiliated book prophet; he reported that it would just *miss* becoming a best-seller.)

For March, there are three fearless bookmen, undaunted by the unpredictable reefs of the publishing sea.

Doug Andrews at Doubleday tells us that only a complete idiot would make such a prediction. Then he states: "I feel that *Diplomat Among Warriors* will hit the best-seller list in March. I'll even go further and say it will hit the list the week of March 22. And if that isn't brave enough, I'll saw off the limb by saying that it will hit the best-seller list because it's a well-written, interesting book about a hot topic—the State Department."

Stu Harris, at Harper & Row, is equally timid and retiring with his statement: "Next time give me a hard problem," he says. "Fearless forecast indeed! Here it is: *Convention*, by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey II, will hit the best-seller list in March. I can even do better than that. It's being published March 11. It will be on the national best-seller list by March 29; it will be one of the top five spots by April 19; and will be No. 1 on the Washington *Star* list by April 19. It will hit hard and fast because it's the new book by the authors of—and is just as spellbinding as—*Seven Days in May*. Next question?"

We have reminded both Mr. Andrews and Mr. Harris that they will be held accountable for these words in later weeks. Just the same, neither will change his story.

David McKay doesn't hesitate a moment in predicting best-sellerdom for Vance Packard's *The Naked Society*, reported on recently in these columns. Two other books on the same subject, the invasion of privacy, are also pressing for attention. One is a report on a foundation-supported study, not yet announced. The other is Myron Brenton's *The Privacy Invaders*, moved up from June to March by Coward-McCann. None of the authors seemed to know that the others were exploring the same material.

For April, Mary Greene at William Morrow steps forward without inhibition to predict that *When the Cheering Stopped*, by Gene Smith, will be secure on the best-seller lists by April 15. She bases this on the fact that 30,000 books are already in print before publication, and generous advance raves have been received from Theodore H. White, Dwight Macdonald, Senator Paul Douglas, Dean Acheson, and others. For Morrow, April will not be the cruelest month—unless this prediction turns sour.

For May, or just possibly June, Ed White of Scribner's comes out with a slightly wavering prediction—at least as far as timing is concerned—for Ernest Hemingway's reminiscences of his youth in Paris under the title *A Moveable Feast*. Behind the book will be the Book-of-the-Month Club impetus and a *Life* preview to help things along.

Also for May, Dolly Guinther of Putnam's feels that *Candy*, by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg, will be on the lists, since the book is already an underground classic.

June fails to bring any predictions from the responding publishers, but by July—if we are to believe Letty Pogrebin of Bernard Geis Associates—Helen Gurley Brown's book *Sex and the Office* should hit the lists in the third or fourth week. This prediction is based on the fact that Mrs. Brown's first book, *Sex and the Single Girl*, reached the best-seller list in five weeks and sold some 200,000 copies in hard cover.

For August, the Bernard Geis people are again either foolhardy or fearless, this time in predicting that Irving Shulman's *Harlow: An Intimate Biography* will light up on the *New York Times* best-seller list on precisely August 2. They are modestly allowing ten weeks for the incubation period, since the book is scheduled for publication on May 22.

Dan Green at Simon & Schuster makes no bones about predicting that Charles Chaplin's autobiography will be securely in place in October, its month of publication. It's another with a Book-of-the-Month Club stimulus to help it along.

For a long time, Leon Shimkin has been making Pocket Books, Inc., the success it has been in the paperback field, where best-sellers are neither so noticeable nor so noisy as they are in the hard-cover field. Now Mr. Shimkin has come up with a great title for a book that isn't yet written. It's about Great Britain's new Prime Minister, and is titled *To Home It May Concern.*

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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(*From Wall Street Journal*, Nov. 7, 1963)

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While I compulsively perspire
And swelter underneath the drier,
The yak relaxes at the zoo.
Perhaps I ought to live there too,
For, viewed from side or front or back,
I'm no improvement on the yak.

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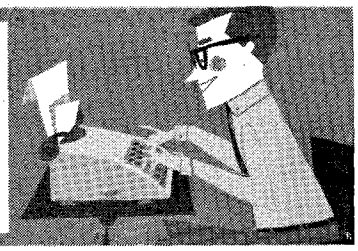
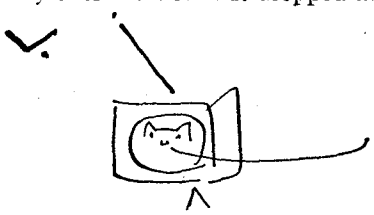
Top of My Head



Here's Your Rating, What's Your Hurry?

TALK about name-dropping! A few weeks ago the networks announced the cancellation for next season of some of our most affluent and firmly entrenched television stars. And if you are a fan of the insensitive—if you thrill to the swoosh and chop of the guillotine—you must have gotten a large charge out of the sudden death dealt these weekly visitors to your living rooms. The sword of Damocles has always hung heavily over these folk. It dropped now



and then and occasionally a head or two rolled quietly out of our picture.

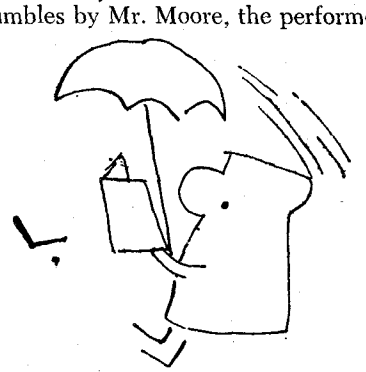
But accompanying these most recent multiple public executions was the sound of a bustling, bouncing bowling alley. The Damocles blade had switched to Personna. The obit columns of our television pages reeked with gory detail. They fired everybody but Hazel. A maid gets two weeks' notice, a good reference, severance pay, and carfare. That would have run into money.

The High Executioner was Mr. Nielsen with his rating system. The Executive High Executioners were the program planners of the three broadcasting companies. Theirs is the decision that you see on your set each week. And the decision is for your own good. The decision is not based on whether a show is good enough for you to watch, but whether it's popular enough for you to watch. They don't want you sitting around your set alone with a measly little group of only fifteen or twenty million other viewers. And their decision is final. Remember the missile with the TV cameras aboard that went to the moon? Remember the trumped-up story that the cameras failed to open when the missile crashed into the moon? Forget it! They canceled that show, too.

Aside from this corporate corporeal display of power and the ignominy attendant to the fallen stars who still have a full half-season yet to appear on their shows, these cancellations covertly arrived at and overtly announced in the press have left this viewer confused and unsure of his television viewing till the end of this season. There is a "Damaged Goods" sign hanging over the programs scheduled soon to be aborted. How can I believe the announcer who shouted a Sunday night or two ago between programs: "Stay tuned to the fabulous Judy Garland show." Fabulous? The show is canceled.

It seems to this small businessman that Big Business took the uncalculated risk of inviting viewers of the canceled shows not to waste their time watching the shows till next September. By that time, they promise they will cook up a new batch of shows—all quite popular, all in the "Top Twenty." All this, of course, is based on the fact that the program planners have seen one filmed sample of all the new shows that have been announced for the coming season—pilots, they're called. And nobody in any network can foresee, much less guarantee, the Nielsen rating any of these shows will get without crossing his fingers.

The surprise in all these sudden cancellations is the relative equanimity with which the stars have taken it all. With the exception of some firebrand interviews by Mr. Boone and a few mild grumbles by Mr. Moore, the performers



have been most inarticulate in their own behalf. What a time to band together as members of their profession and rise and throw off their shackles! They have nothing to lose but their sponsors, whom, if this Congressionally ridiculed rating system persists, they will all lose in other seasons to come.

What a far cry this sort of show business is from the dear old days when an actor or an entertainer was talent, not merely a decimal point on somebody's rating chart. The only Nielsen we knew then was Anna Q. —GOODMAN ACE.

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The Defenses of Peace:

PROGRESS REPORT ON UNESCO

William Benton was responsible, as Assistant Secretary of State from 1945 to 1947, for U.S. policy in the creation of UNESCO. Last April, at President Kennedy's request, he returned to UNESCO to serve as U.S. member of its Executive Board, which meets twice a year in Paris. This article is his report of the changes that have occurred in the organization in the eighteen years since its founding.

By WILLIAM BENTON

MANY of us who worked in the field of world affairs immediately after V-E Day and V-J Day were confident, if somewhat naïvely in a hurry to prove it, that Understanding with a capital "U" was an answer to many of mankind's ills. We indulged ourselves in the belief that if there were few misunderstandings in the world there would be few tensions to be relaxed and few relations to be improved.

UNESCO was a major source of such hopes. Archibald MacLeish, in a fine passage in the Preamble to the UNESCO Constitution, had written that ". . . since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defenses of peace must be constructed." The primary and overriding aim of UNESCO was to be the prevention of World War III. It was to employ education, science, and culture as means toward maintaining peace. Many then hoped, quite literally, that UNESCO would contribute significantly to building the structure of peace through intellectual "togetherness." It would promote free inquiry and free communications. It would reduce and even eliminate what the French educator Claude Levi-Strauss has called "the one real calamity, the one fatal flaw which can afflict a group of men and prevent them from fulfilment—to be alone." It would destroy the insularity that breeds suspicion, contempt, and conflict.

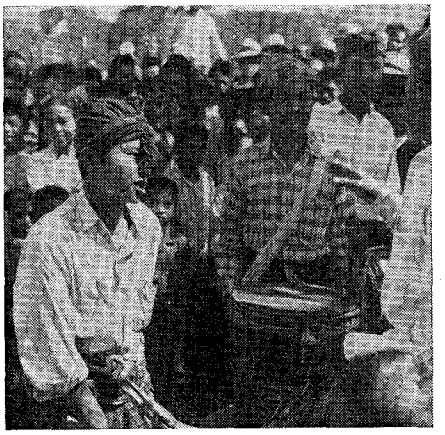
Today, however, nothing could be more immediately obvious than that UNESCO is not now the organization envisaged in the surge of idealism that followed World War II.

Does this mean that I am disillusioned and deflated by what I have recently seen of UNESCO? The answer must be no. How could I be deflated

UNESCO Around the World

India—technical assistance

Colombia—fight against illiteracy



Indonesia—community education

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when I heard in Paris about a Mexican peasant woman who uses the word "UNESCO" in everyday speech as a synonym for "good"? Or when I heard about twenty-seven New York typesetters who came to UNESCO headquarters in that city to set type for foreign textbooks—on their own time and without pay? Or when I heard about the painfully scrawled letter of an eleven-year-old child in the Upper Volta who reports that her new school, thanks to UNESCO, will be able to supply beautiful books and even lunches for children who come without having eaten anything in two days? Or when I heard about the teachers and students in 300 New Jersey high schools who raised $4,000 through UNESCO's coupons for their distant African counterparts?

Disillusion with UNESCO is neither more nor less warranted than disillusion with the United Nations itself—or with the world itself. Both the U.N. and UNESCO have proved to be neither more nor less than human.

Both, I hope, are here to stay. I shall go further. In my judgment, they *are* here to stay.

I found in Paris a bustling multiracial headquarters staff of over 1,500 persons, administering an estimated 2,000 projects in many parts of the world. The modern curtain-walled glass structure on the Place de Fontenoy is an impressive symbol of the sweep and imaginative dimensions we foresaw for the organization at its inception. The membership and the budget have grown—from twenty-eight member countries in 1946, when I served as chairman of the U.S. delegation to the first General Conference in Paris, to 113 today.

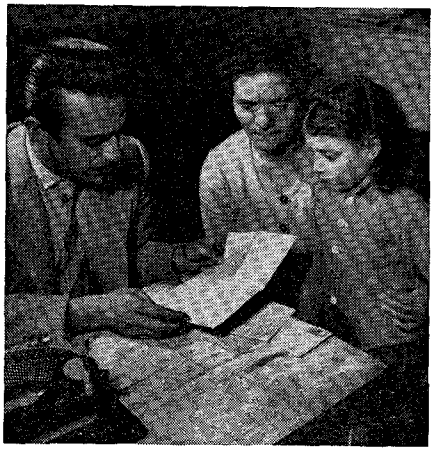
UNESCO's budget for its first full year, 1947, was $6,200,000; for the current year it is more than three times as much. But in addition to its current regular budget UNESCO administered for the two years 1963-64 grants of $14,000,000 from the United Nations Technical Assistance funds and of $20,000,000 from the United Nations Special Fund. Thus its total budget for the two years was about $73,000,000. For the next two years, 1965-66, the Director General has projected a total of $89,000,000.

DESPITE this growth, I was reminded in many ways of the French saying, "The more things change, the more they remain the same." The complaints one heard in 1946, 1947, and 1948 roll on into 1963: too many projects (this has been a constant complaint of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO and of successive U.S. delegations); too much log-rolling (in 1946 a Paris wit described UNESCO as "a pork barrel riding on a cloud"); not enough clarity about purpose. There are still those who contend that UNESCO should try to be "above politics"; those who argue about whether its aim is primarily peace or primarily progress; those who believe its major concern should be with intellectuals, letting the benefits thereof trickle down (there are fewer who advocate this today).

However, the marked reorientation in UNESCO's objectives and programs since 1946-47 seems to me to be roughly a swing of 180 degrees. On the immediate heels of World War II we were naturally anxious first to help repair war-devastated schools, universities, libraries, and cultural monuments (though U.S. policy opposed making UNESCO an "aid" agency toward such objectives). Our longer-range perspective was focused on the more developed countries; they were traditionally where wars began, and, like the old Institute of Intellectual Cooperation of the League of Nations, UNESCO proposed to concentrate largely on the intellectuals within them.

UNESCO has now shifted its emphasis from the more developed to the less developed countries. Its program is mainly devoted to helping the latter in the fields of education and science. Indeed, the entire structure of the United Nations has, since the early 1950s, been reoriented in this direction. This shift in emphasis led in 1961 to the adoption by the U.N. General Assembly of a suggestion by the President of the United States—the famous Resolution 1710 that declared the 1960s to be the "Decade of Development."

Approximately two-thirds, in fact, of UNESCO's current regular budget for 1963-64, about $26,000,000 out of a total of $39,000,000 for the biennium, is thus being used to assist the newly developing countries. But this is only part of the new emphasis. The budgets UNESCO accepts from the United Nations Technical Assistance Fund and



Italy—help with reading

Ivory Coast—children's dancing class

—Photos from UNESCO.
Moscow—laboratory instruction

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from the U.N. Special Fund (which makes money available for pre-investment projects to enable low-income countries to attract capital), are devoted entirely to projects in the developing countries. Further, for every dollar that comes from the Special Fund, the recipient governments are contributing two dollars in counterpart funds. Thus the $20,000,000 appropriated by the Special Fund in the current biennium becomes $60,000,000.

The articulate UNESCO Director General, Mr. Rene Maheu, appeared in New York in October before a committee of the U.N. General Assembly to urge that the eradication of illiteracy become another aim of UNESCO. The number of illiterate adults in the world is increasing as the population increases. The magnitude of this challenge is clear in UNESCO statistics showing over 40 per cent of the world's population above age fifteen, or approximately 700,000,000 people are illiterate.

In 1963-64, $21,000,000 is being spent by UNESCO for education operations and services. This total is tiny in contrast to the vast needs, which seem almost infinite. It has been estimated that $100 billion would be required just to erect the primary schools the world needs for its youngsters, and this doesn't include the cost of training and paying teachers. Obviously, each nation must assume responsibility for its own needs—but equally obviously, many will require all the bilateral and multilateral help they can get. UNESCO can offer only stimulation and guidance. It can conduct research and pilot projects. It can help countries arrive at rational decisions about the planning of their educational programs, and it can hold up a standard to which aspiring ministers of education can repair.

Our State Department opposes plunging UNESCO into the limitless quicksands of the attack on illiteracy. Even in the U.S., the armed forces turn down one in four candidates under Selective Service because they are too unlettered to read and understand even the simplest manuals. Let UNESCO stick to secondary education, including technical and vocational education, says the State Department; to higher education; to testing and describing the new techniques of learning and teaching; and to planning. My observations lead me to agree.

By the middle of 1963 UNESCO had assisted—using Special Fund grants—in the establishment of twelve secondary school teacher-training institutes in ten African countries and had helped create comparable institutions in the Philippines, Afghanistan, Lebanon, and Greece. Again with grants from the Special Fund, UNESCO is contributing to the training of engineers and technicians in Argentina, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, India, Iran, Iraq, Japan, Kenya, Laos, Libya, Malta, Mexico, Morocco, Pakistan, Peru, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Thailand, Tunisia, Turkey, Uganda, United Arab Republic, and Venezuela.

This is the right direction in the field of education. This is a direction within UNESCO's grasp.

What of UNESCO's other two main areas, science and culture?

UNESCO's current biennial budget for programs in "Natural Sciences" for 1963-64 totals $24,000,000. The Director General now proposes to make science coequal in importance with education in the "regular" program, in which science is increased 57 per cent, and to increase the total for science—including U.N. technical assistance and special fund grants—by 40 per cent. This proposal was stimulated by the so-called UNCAST Conference held in Geneva last February (United Nations Conference on Science and Technology). More than 1,500 delegates attended this Conference, including more than 100 from the United States. Its purpose was to determine how science and technology can be used more effectively to help the developing countries. The budget for this three-week conference alone was larger than UNESCO's "regular" annual budget for science. Quite naturally Mr. Maheu, as Director General of UNESCO, seized the challenge of the UNCAST Conference. He has moved in to assert UNESCO's responsibility and leadership in science.

UNESCO-assisted school—At a primary school in Japan, children carve figurines in garden vegetables.

BACK in 1945, when we were writing the UNESCO charter, it was claimed that international organizations of scientists were functioning so successfully that no U.N. "science organization" was needed. After long discussion, science was put into UNESCO's title chiefly on the argument that it would provide common grounds with the Russians. It would be "a bridge." From this beginning, science has become today a central part of UNESCO.

UNESCO takes as a special sphere those scientific research projects that can be better accomplished cooperatively among many nations than by single nations. It was a key sponsor of the International Geophysical Year. It has organized studies of the arid zones. It is launching a "Hydrologic Decade" to deal with the earth's water supply. It is serving as a sponsor and coordinator of a flotilla of forty-four ships from twenty nations engaged in a four-year study of the Indian Ocean. In Rome, it has established an International Computation Center, making computer services available to ten nations. And last year UNESCO sponsored more than 100 scientific meetings and conferences.

UNESCO's third great program area, cultural activities and the social and human sciences, is assigned a combined total biennial budget of $9,300,000. Here, too, there is an effort to integrate projects into the U.N. Decade of Development—for example, through the production of reading materials for the new literates of Asia, and through library and museum development in tropical Africa. One cultural project, a ten-year program under which seventy recognized Oriental literary masterpieces are being translated into English and French, is designed to reduce an alleged Western myopia unable to comprehend much cultural history east of Greece or south of Egypt.

There is of course a "Mass Communi-

(*Continued on page* 28)

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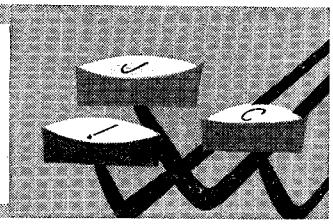
Manner of Speaking



A Cadillac Full of Diamonds: One day I did pull the right lever at the right time and I was rich!

I filled the car with diamonds as fast as they poured down the chute. I threw away the spare tire and the jack and crammed the trunk full. Then I yanked out the back seat. Then the right front seat. Then even the driver's seat. Then I crammed my pockets, throwing my money away to make room. Then I tied the bottoms of my pants and stuffed my pants legs. Then my shirt.

That about did it, but I still had to get into the car, and I couldn't open the door without starting an avalanche. Luckily I had left the left front window open, though I don't suppose I can take credit for that: I had had to pour them into the car through *some* opening.

But stuffed as I was, I could never wriggle through the window. There was no help for it: I had to unbutton my shirt, untie my pants legs, and let them spill. Then I had to empty my pockets. I was excited—who wouldn't be?—but I kept my head and took the time to bury them carefully. Waste not, want not.

And even then I couldn't make it through the window. I had, finally, to take my clothes off. Naked, I was just able to scrape through—and "scrape" is exactly the word: I was half way in, my hips ripped and raw, when I realized I had no driver's seat. It was an agony, but I forced my way out, retrieved the money I had thrown away, and made a padding out of it, pushing the stones around to make a little shelf. It was, to be sure, an improvisation, but it looked reasonably comfortable with the money smoothed out flat. Thank God I had just cashed a check!

So, finally, I managed to wriggle in and be seated. I was naked, scraped raw, and panting with exertion, but not seriously injured. Inevitably, some of the diamonds spilled out as I wiggled about to make room behind the wheel. I even thought for a fraction of an instant of getting out and burying them with the others, but that thought was immediately supplanted by the realization that in my excitement I had already forgotten where I had buried them.

I began to see I should have to develop a new attitude. Forcing myself to be calm, I concentrated on how to work the controls. Thank God I had an automatic shift: I could never have worked a stick shift in all that gravel. Even so, some of the rocks were jamming the brake and the accelerator. I had to keep poking around with my feet until I felt a little play in the pedals. It was going to be tricky—no doubt about that—but I could make it with a little luck. It wasn't much of a drive to my house.

But when I had made it at last—at what seemed to be a mile a week—there was no way to get out. A truck was blocking my driveway and when I looked closer, I saw it was bedded down in the macadam right to the axles. Don't ask me to explain. It's the sort of thing that just seems to keep happening. The truck had become a monument to all the world's past deliveries and was now no more movable than Grant's Tomb.

So the driveway was out. And every place at the curb was taken by cars that seemed to be made of girders pile-driven into the pavement and rusted together. Don't ask me to explain that either: every monument needs some sort of approach to it. I drove around the block twenty times, then around the next block and the next. There wasn't a place to park short of the last few farms, up there on the ridges.

And suppose I did get a farmer to rent me a field: could I just crawl out the window and ask it to crank itself shut from the inside? I had to unload. Sooner or later, too, I had to pick up some clothes. It was cold and some of these diamonds had sharp edges.

I DROVE back home and circled and circled until I honked my wife up. "Whatta ya want?" she yelled from the bedroom window. "Bring a bucket!" I shouted. But there were cars honking behind me, backed up for half a mile. I moved on and circled the block twelve times before she made it to the curb.

Without the bucket.

And another line of cars honking behind me.

"Here!" I said and tossed her a handful as I went by. I had to reach up and throw them over the top of the car from the left, and naturally they scattered all over the place.

I'll say this for her: she seemed to know the stuff was real even while it was still in the air. "Lemme get in!" she shrieked the next time around. "In where?" I shrieked back, tossing out another handful. "Stop it!" she shrieked, "I haven't any pockets!" Now, wasn't that just like her! "Get the damn bucket!" I bellowed back.

It went on that way all night and all day, and all the next night and the next day, too. By the third night we were both worn out, but she let me snatch some sandwiches as I went by, and then my service .45, and on the last lap, as I crawled along, she managed to get some gas into the tank by running behind me. She still hadn't focused enough to get the bucket, but I passed out a double handful of gravel, waved her off, and drove out to the country to get some sleep, the .45 on my lap.

I had hardly dozed off, of course, before the farmer was tapping at my window and shining his light in. But he wasn't any trouble. For half a million from my padding and a look at my .45, he sold me the field and threw in some boards to box in the gas pedal and the brake and even drilled holes in the two top boards for me. By pushing a stick through the holes in each box I could work the pedals fine, except that I hadn't room for two sticks, so I had to keep fishing for the right knot hole as occasion demanded, and there was every chance that occasion might keep demanding it a bit faster than I could fish.

But he fixed me up as well as he could and he even brought me some coffee. He really turned out to be a pleasant sort. "I've tried those levers myself," he said. "It gives me heart to know someone has made it."

That was a long time ago.

We have it pretty well worked out by now, except that she has some sort of block about the bucket and never remembers to bring it out. I drive around more-or-less on schedule, depending on the traffic, and she's out there waiting. She holds the kid up so I can wave, and I toss them another handful of marbles. She has box lunches ready and a thermos and the receipted bills. We're trying to buy the house next door so we can tear it down for me to park there, if the dynamiters ever clear the cars parked in front of it. But the old buzzard won't sell, and none of the crews we have working has been able to budge the truck in front of my driveway.

It's no way to live. Many a time I've thought that if I had to make just one more circle, I'd just put the .45 to my head and pull the trigger. But I've got to hold on for my wife's sake and for the kids. It's even possible the buzzard next door will finally croak, though his kind never does. *Something* has to give. I almost wish it could be me, but I'm in no position to think just of myself. I have responsibilities. I've *got* to hold on.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Don Pablo Revisited

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

ON THE edge of San Juan, in a trim, well-built beach house not far from a spanking new superhighway and the international jet airport, an eighty-seven-year-old man with exuberant ideas about life and work is getting ready to undertake one of the most strenuous tours in a professional career stretching over two-thirds of a century. He is Pablo Casals, cellist, composer, conductor, philosopher, crusader.

It was two years since my last visit. I could detect no slackening of his powers. His fingers are supple and his skin is firm. In spirit, he still seems to combine a youthful, almost innocent enthusiasm about people and things with a profound confidence in the human ability to make a better tomorrow. He is realistic about the size of the problems facing human life on this planet but is optimistic about the prospects. He sees no wall of separation between his music and his hopes for human freedom in a world at peace. When he goes on tour, the music becomes not just the manifestation of a highly developed art but the expression of his broader concerns. For the past two years, he has traveled thousands of miles, not just performing but talking about the nature of nuclear war and the need for new, workable approaches to the making of peace.

These trips are physically grueling, but he finds replenishment in the responses of people.

"When people come up to me after the concerts," he said, "they shake my hand and tell me that they intend to work hard for the things I have been trying to talk about. It is the most wonderful nourishment in the world."

THIS spring Don Pablo's mission takes him to South America and Europe. He would like to include the Soviet Union in his tour, but this depends on factors beyond his control. He has not been in the Soviet Union until now as a matter of principle, having vowed that he would never perform in a dictatorship. Besides, an incident that occurred shortly after the Russian Revolution hardened him in this resolve. A friend of his in pre-Revolutionary Russia had been a famous benefactor of the arts. After the Revolution, the friend and his wife were thrown into a concentration camp and their property and funds confiscated. Years later, Pablo Casals saw his friend in Antwerp; it was as though the man had been through a human meat grinder. He wanted no part of a nation that could inflict such cruelty.

Don Pablo realizes that the situation in the Soviet Union today has changed from what it was in the early days. He is still strongly anti-Communist, however, and would go to the Soviet Union only if he could draw up his own program. That would mean including his religious composition, the oratorio *El Pessebre*, which embodies his message of peace. Last year, David Oistrakh, the outstanding Soviet violinist, came to Prades with an official invitation to Casals to visit the USSR. Casals told Oistrakh he would accept on condition he could perform his oratorio. So far, Casals has not heard whether this condition is acceptable. Interestingly enough, Hungary and Poland have accepted these conditions and have issued a visa. He is certain that, if he is permitted to come to the USSR and perform his oratorio, the Russian people will respond sympathetically to it. "They are a deeply religious people," he said, "despite all the official opposition to the Church."

In this, the words were almost exactly the same as those used by Pope John XXIII, who, in a private conversation in December 1962, said he believed the essentially religious feelings of the Russian people had not changed.

In any event, if Casals goes to Russia, and if he has an opportunity to speak, he will make known his deep admiration and affection for the Russian people. He will praise them for believing as deeply as they do in world peace, and offer them every good wish for their continued economic betterment. He will tell them he is anti-Communist because he believes the most important thing in the world is liberty. And, in speaking to them in this manner, he feels he will be understood because this is what the Russian people themselves really believe, too.

If the Soviet government permits him to come and to give his oratorio, he will not bring a choral group of his own but will train Russians for the performance. "They have excellent singers and they will do superbly." Will the oratorio be performed in Russian? "No; it will be sung in the language in which it was written—in Catalan." Won't this be difficult for the Russians? "No more than Italian or German or French or any other operatic tongue." And how will the Russians understand? "They will understand by reading the program notes, which will contain a complete translation."

This has been the method used wherever the oratorio has been played so far. The oratorio is performed in connection with Don Pablo's peace mission. He wants to use his music—the only power at his command—to persuade people that the biggest job on earth in a nuclear age is to find the way to create a just and workable peace. "We must not only eliminate war but the things that lead to war—injustice, tyranny, poverty, indignity."

And how has the mission been going?

"Wherever we go, people respond. They respond beautifully. We all deeply believe and want the same things."

Isn't the projected trip to South Amer-

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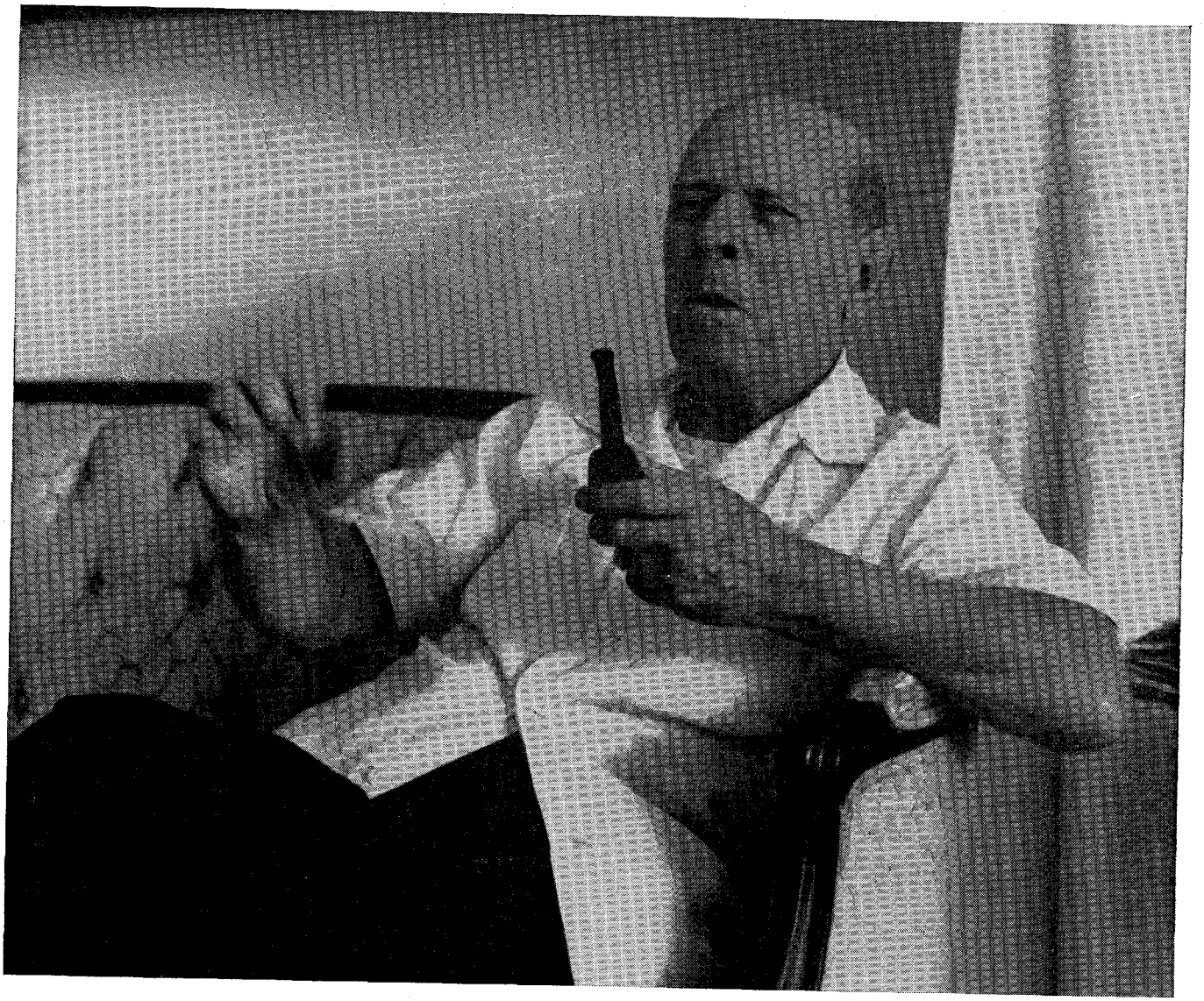

Pablo Casals—"Now my hope seems on firmer ground than it has been for many years." —*N.C.*

ica and Europe a rather ambitious undertaking for a man approaching his eighty-eighth birthday?

"I am well now. I take my walks every day. I play the piano and the cello off and on during the day. I read and talk with my friends. I am in good health now, but it has been a difficult winter."

President Kennedy's death, I learned from Mrs. Casals, was a profound jolt to Don Pablo's nervous system. For weeks afterwards, he was out of kilter, which prevented him from receiving in person the Presidential Medal of Freedom awarded him by President Kennedy.

"All over the world, people felt the same way," Don Pablo said. "In my life I have seen many great and terrible events concerning individuals that have affected people deeply. There was the Dreyfus case and the assassination of Gandhi and a few other events of similar magnitude. But in recent history—and I am thinking of my own lifetime—there has never been a tragedy that has brought so much sadness and grief to as many people as this. How President Kennedy was loved. He was in office a very short time. Yet people understood somehow—even people in far-off places—that he intended to use his great office to try to make a better world."

PABLO CASALS played the cello at the White House for President Kennedy. He had resolved some years ago he would conduct but would not be soloist any more—except for very special purposes. He made an exception when he appeared before the United Nations. Then he was invited to a special reception at the White House at which he would play.

"I accepted and agreed to play—even though I had promised myself earlier not to do so. But I had good reasons for wanting to speak to the President. About peace. Of course, he agreed. I went to Washington and met with the President for an hour, alone. I have never known anyone who listened more carefully than he did. And I was happy I went. When I played at the White House, I was very happy in my heart.

"There was someone else I was especially pleased to meet after I played. An elderly lady came up to me and asked me if I remembered playing in the White House once before. Of course, I did. It was when Theodore Roosevelt was president in 1904. She heard me then, too. It was T.R.'s daughter. How glad I was to meet her and talk to her.

"I liked Mrs. Kennedy very much. Lovely, sensitive young lady. I should like to invite her to come to Puerto Rico as my guest for a special concert in memory of President Kennedy during our music festival here this year, maybe in June. Do you think she would come?

(*Continued on page* 56)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Smoking Debate (Contd.)

THE SMOKING HABIT has many rewards which, in my opinion, far overshadow the danger from cancer. . . . If you are going to campaign against the evils of tobacco, why not against liquor, coffee, rich foods, and sleeping pills?

The interference by government in people's personal habits seems to be out of order. The noble experiment with Prohibition should have demonstrated the futility and narrow-mindedness of trying to regulate what is strictly a private concern. . . .

A. DOHRSSEN.

Bronxville, N.Y.

SR IS TO BE congratulated for its forthright stand in declining to accept cigarette advertising. Let's hope that this will be the start of a trend.

A. R. SMITH.

Los Angeles, Calif.

THAT A RELATIONSHIP exists between cigarette smoking and cancer, as well as other pathological conditions, has been conclusively established through statistical documentation and laboratory research. The exact mechanism whereby pathology results is currently a matter of speculation. To avoid disease, however, it is not essential that every secret of nature be fully revealed beforehand. Persons were practicing vaccination generations prior to elaboration of the germ theory by Pasteur and formulation of Koch's principles. Man can ill afford to wait for all the evidence to be collected; but as a rational being he must follow the course suggested by the balance of the evidence that is available.

Irrationally, smoking has been singled out for special consideration from among a variety of popular and often socially accepted means of self-destruction such as overeating, excessive drinking, speeding, promiscuity, and glue sniffing. All of these have been identified as "basic, fundamental" problems, and extensive means of coping with them have been developed whose measurement of success depends largely upon subjective data. The obese contend with smoking, the smoker with obesity, and all, including the promiscuous, with promiscuity. Little thought is ever given that perhaps the problems are symptoms and the treatment purely palliative.

Commendations for penetration of the smoking smoke screen!

E. D. LYMAN, M.D., M.P.H.,
Health Director,
Omaha-Douglas County
Health Department.

Omaha, Neb.

ARE YOU NOT perhaps attaching too much importance to the question of giving up cigarettes?

I feel that the fact that many people choose to continue the habit is no more suggestive of a crumbling of the moral fiber of the country than the fact that they also continue to drive automobiles; travel in airplanes, trains, and boats; go hunting; shovel snow; and do all the other things that lead a certain percentage of the population to their death earlier than they had hoped.

Perhaps it is not a question of indifference so much as the knowledge that life—not only at this time in our civilization, but for the whole span of human history—is a chancy thing at best, and that it is each person's privilege to determine for himself his own odds for survival, and indulge or not indulge in certain activities.

MRS. RALPH P. LEWIS.

Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

The Panama Problem

CONGRATULATIONS ON N.C.'s editorial "What Have We Learned from Panama?" [*SR*, Feb. 1]. It should be read and reread by every thinking American.

CHARLES A. STANTON.

Pasadena, Calif.

I READ "What Have We Learned from Panama?" with interest, because it expresses the message Southerners have been trying so vainly to get through for the last 125 years.

Let me paraphrase you. If we (Yankees) are troubled by the racial situation in the South, one start on the problem might be to take the wax out of our ears. The Southerner has something to say, even though he has no organ through which to say it. Policies promulgated and enforced by the dominant Yankee majority affect other people, who want to be represented in the debate leading up to these policies. The people of the South would like to think that their achievements and opinions, not just their headline-making crises, are worth notice. As a political factor, they may be impotent alongside the wealthy Yankee majority, but their aspirations and dignity are large. No amount of advice (or decrees) that we Yankees give will make for genuine friendship unless we also give Southerners continued respect and all the things that go with respect.

The burden for maintaining good relations, therefore, lies less with the weak South than with the powerful North.

I am perfectly aware that when N.C. so properly asked Americans to consider foreigners as people, he by no means meant to imply that any American who questions the efficacy of the Yankees' policy of coercive juxtaposition as the panacea of the South's problems should not also be considered as people. Nonetheless, I would humbly submit that just as surely as we must one day come to accept Panamanians as human beings, so you must one day, although perhaps a more distant day, come so to accept Southerners.

Why should not understanding, as well as charity, begin at home?

ECK G. PRUD'HOMME, JR., M.D.

Fort Worth, Tex.

Fins That Got Away?

EDOUARD MANET'S painting of the fish on page 45 of your January 18 issue poses a problem.

Is the "salmon" mislabeled, or did Mr. Manet discover a new species? The poor fish displayed lacks pectoral fins.

I've fished salmon more or less successfully for fifty years and never saw one like this.

GREVILLE HASLAM.

West Edmeston, N.Y.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Life of a Salesman

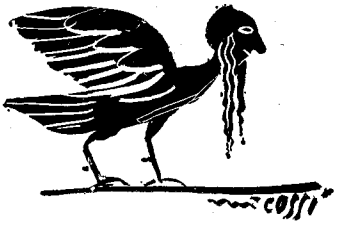
THE problems of repertory theater and of the open stage are formidable for American actors trained in other traditions. This means that we are all going to have to be patient with the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre when it tries to run before it has learned to walk. Its initial salvo was *After the Fall,* a play whose controversial issues made evaluation of the work of the company almost impossible. Now added to the repertoire is a revival of Eugene O'Neill's 1928 play, *Marco Millions,* and we can see more clearly the nature of this theater's problems.

As one might expect, the visual and technical aspects of the production are way ahead of the rest of the work. On the level of spectacle—at times exquisite—this production is most successful. Beni Montresor's colorful and graceful Oriental costumes, Jose Quintero's staging of the large court scenes, and above all David Hays's pure and inventive use of scenic elements create for us some of the loveliest three-dimensional stage pictures New York has seen in some time.

Since Jo Mielziner's ANTA Washington Square Theater is one in which we all look down at the stage floor as much as we would ordinarily look across at a back wall, Mr. Hays has covered the thrust stage with a mosaic carpet that changes appearance under different hues of light. For the short scenes of Marco's journey he introduces each new locale with style and humor by having men sprint across the stage carrying appropriate natural history banners. Later, he brings Kublai Khan's pleasure dome to life by constructing a ceiling of colored netting that becomes iridescent under lighting from above. Most spectacular of all is his total theater creation of an embarking ship, accomplished by raising filmy sails and by having crewmen climb suspended ropes and slaves slowly push the rotating forestage around—as if into the wind.

The play itself is not at all dated. The materialistic Western merchant who ignorantly travels through the beauty and wisdom of the past, seeing in it only opportunities for organization, exploitation, and profitmaking, is even more recognizable today than he was thirty-six years ago. And the question of whether the East may some day rise up and destroy the West becomes less remote with each morning's newspaper. But the play's most timeless precept is the one Kublai speaks about his granddaughter, Kukachin, who lies before him radiantly beautiful in death. He says to us, "Contemplate the eternal life of life! . . . be proud of life! Know in your heart that the living of life can be noble! . . . Be immortal because life is immortal. . . . Possess life as a lover—then sleep requited in the arms of death!"

However, this beautiful fable is not adequately performed by the Lincoln Center company. Part of the trouble may be that O'Neill's script was written with the picture-frame stage in mind and ought to be revisualized and edited for the open stage. But the major failing is the inability of this diverse company to achieve unity of style and to fulfill the play's poetic view. As Marco, Hal Holbrook finds himself again and again demonstrating and underlining the obvious: Marco's gross insensitivity. This is unfortunate, for if one doesn't believe that Marco had the capacity to live a different and better life than he did, the play becomes farce.



Further complicating matters is the casting of Zohra Lampert as Kukachin. While Miss Lampert badly needs to work on roles that are different from her well-established, eccentric stage personality, this should be done in studio rather than in performance. Her strange, deep voice and tense gestures are ludicrously at odds with the delicacy of the Chinese princess. And David Wayne's Kublai Khan often seems more the New England patriarch than the omniscient esthete.

Although Joseph Wiseman's philosopher, David J. Stewart's Pope, and Michael Strong's shrewd uncle come closer to the sort of style this play requires, one has the feeling that the costumes and scenery of *Marco Millions* should be put into storage and that the play should be restaged another season, with a different cast and the benefit of more time, to develop a more integrated, effective approach to its performance.

Uptown, Broadway has bolstered a weak season with two new hits. *Foxy,* a musical version of Ben Jonson's *Volpone* transferred to the gold rush days of the Yukon, presents Bert Lahr in his funniest role in years. Whether he is furtively catching a few stray drops of whisky from a passed bottle and tossing them with relish into his mouth, or climbing a mile a minute up the scenery, he is more fun than a barrel of foxes. The rest of the proceedings are fairly tame by comparison. Robert Emmet Dolan's music is agreeable and well constructed. (He even offers us the best fugue since *Guys and Dolls.*) Johnny Mercer's lyrics contain some nice surprises as he "waxes Rabelaisian on occasion"; after describing the pleasures of "Manchester and Dorchester and Chichester and Perth, sailing on the Firth of Forth," he completes the rhyme by asking, "Or is it Forth of Firth?" The book wisely stays in the background along with the other performers, of whom Gerald Hiken, with his comically agonized portrait of a man whose lust is exceeded only by his greed, is the most memorable.

ALSO brightening the winter is Muriel Resnik's *Any Wednesday,* which has gentle fun with the moment-to-moment accidents that attend the maintenance of an illicit, once-a-week love affair between a middle-aged, married tycoon and his young mistress. He tries to keep her in a company apartment and gives her tax-deductible gifts. Fortunately, Miss Resnik has a knack for writing responses that seem fresh and funny in a plot neither unusual or profound, but one that rings reasonably true.

The playwright gets inspired assistance from Sandy Dennis, who plays Ellen, a girl torn between her own vulnerability to the romantic gesture and her anxieties about reaching thirty unmarried. As her determined lover, Don Porter catches the ridiculous plight of an utterly selfish man to whom everything is a game to be won at all costs. Rosemary Murphy is both stylish and understanding as the wife. Gene Hackman is disarmingly good-hearted as a desperate interloper who lopes in Akron. If you're looking for mid-week diversion, *Any Wednesday* will do. But be sure to telephone first. —HENRY HEWES.

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A Saint for All Seasons

IF Thomas Becket, that "meddlesome priest" who was raised to sainthood by the very king who engineered his assassination, continues to enthrall literary imaginations, the reasons are not hard to find. His drama was played against the most exalted settings—the court of England, the court of France, the Pope's palace, and Canterbury Cathedral. It is the story of a man who grows from libertine to martyr, ready to die for his principles. And it has at its core not merely the ancient conflict between church and state, but the even more basic conflict between earthly and temporal power.

With such riches, mining can take place on many levels. In *Murder in the Cathedral,* T. S. Eliot made of Thomas's martyrdom a mystic ritual whereby the Church was strengthened and reaffirmed. ("For my Lord I am now ready to die,/That His Church may have peace and liberty.") For Jean Anouilh, a far more worldly playwright, Becket's story afforded a classic demonstration of the theory that the office makes the man. Once Thomsa, however reluctantly, accepted his appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury, his fate was foredoomed. Although he had for years been King Henry's crony, his only trusted friend, in the Archbishopric Becket's loyalty was to the Church; and he was not a man to serve two masters.

Clearly, for Anouilh—and for audiences that will soon be viewing Hal Wallis's massive, handsome production of Anouilh's play, *Becket*—the prime fascination is the struggle of wills between two strong, proud men who are drawn to each other as people, but who are ever more sharply divided by their historic roles. Strange material for a film, perhaps, and even stranger for a spectacular; but by casting Richard Burton as Becket and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, Wallis has brought flesh, bone, and sinew to medieval history. They are superb—O'Toole mercurial, flashing, unpredictable; Burton somber and withdrawn, but gaining in grandeur and intensity with each successive scene. They balance each other—in a sense complete each other. Since at least one of them remains on screen throughout the film, the dynamics of their growing conflict never falters.

Much as the two stars dominate the picture, however, they never overpower it. For Mr. Wallis has also provided a supporting cast that for sheer brilliance could hardly be excelled. John Gielgud, in his all-too-brief scenes as the suavely manipulative King Louis VII of France, parries Burton's lines with the graceful assurance of a fencing master. Martita Hunt makes Henry's mother, the scheming Queen Matilda, at once regal and sinister—one of those alarming women who know their own minds so well that any contradiction becomes automatically a major affront. And Pamela Brown's Eleanor of Aquitaine, Henry's wife, is just the kind of whining, simpering, well-bred lady, filled with resentments and spite, who would drive any full-blooded husband to search out forbidden, but less forbidding, conquests.

Portly Donald Wolfit, whose very eyebrows seem to light up at the suggestion of an evil scheme, makes the Bishop of London a marvelously oily menace. Felix Aylmer conveys the pomp and pride of the Catholic Church when it reigned supreme in England. Jennifer Hilary contributes a touching cameo as a peasant girl who has momentarily captured the fancy of her King. Indeed, despite the presence of such distinguished Italian actors as Paolo Stoppa and Gino Cervi, only the brief sequence involving Becket and the Pope seems less than fully realized, as if the actors had suddenly become conscious of history peering over their shoulder. In the remainder of the film, they *are* history—not in the riotous, newsreel fashion of *Tom Jones,* but in a vital, loving, and minutely researched reconstruction of the twelfth century as it might well have been.

But the cast, so skilfully handled by director Peter Glenville, accounts for only part of the success of this remarkable picture (which, incidentally, despite the preponderance of British credits, remains an American production). *Becket's* settings—some of them still standing from the twelfth century, some of them reproduced by John Bryan with an amazing sense of authenticity—help enormously to validate the characterizations and give them substance. Canterbury's dark, lofty interior and vast façade with freshly hewn stones, forbidding castles with their richly curtained rooms, multi-hued tents of an army encampment, cobbled streets of a French town flanked by graceful balconies (bedecked with French beauties)—all of these, combined with Margaret Furse's resplendent costumes, convey a sense of the living past.

This is important because, unlike the theater, in films it is the backgrounds that create credibility. On the stage, it is the players and the language; no one expects—or needs—a real room, a real castle, a real battlefield. On Broadway, for example, Becket's final interview with his King was played by the two actors with hobbyhorses strapped

Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole in *Becket*—an appeal to the mind.

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about their middles. This was enough to convey to the audience that they had met on horseback; the audience accepted the device, then turned its attention to the words of this poignant encounter. In films, on the other hand, this could never work. The artificiality, the contrivance, would remain uppermost—and would probably elicit distracting giggles in addition. And so, on the screen, Becket and Henry confront each other astride two magnificent beasts on a strip of sand beside the Channel, the French and English armies ranged behind them, with a black Norman castle looming in the distance. Against such an impressive setting, their words gain in significance and their characters in stature.

Wallis himself seems to have been aware of this when he moved what could readily have been filmed as a closet drama onto the largest sound stages in all Europe, flung up some of the mightiest settings since the palmy Ufa days, and elected to shoot his picture in the giant-screen Panavision process. For once, this munificence does not stunt the actors or their story (which was invariably the case with the De Mille spectaculars, for example, whose puny plots and *papier-maché* people were made even more artificial by his visual opulence). Instead, in *Becket*, the settings provide an appropriate arena for a contest of vast consequence, for ideas of considerable import, and for characters who have their own grandeur. And the large screen, far from deflating them, permits them rather to appear at their proper scale.

Added to this is Edward Anhalt's screenplay, with dialogue that joins imperceptibly with Anouilh's own while expanding scenes to take advantage of the camera's mobility (although his transitions from London to a French battlefield, or from Paris to Rome are poorly managed, as if still dependent on a printed caption in a theater playbill). Laurence Rosenthal, who wrote the music for the Broadway production of *Becket*, has expanded his score and thickened its texture to give firm support to the action on the screen. Geoffrey Unsworth's color photography, with its rich, formal designs, is a constant delight to the eye. But *Becket's* greatest appeal is to the mind—and, as a spectacular, that is also its unique triumph. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Music's Idea Man—Sutherland

IDEAS abounded in the third (also, regrettably, the last) of this year's concerts in Carnegie Hall by the Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of George Szell, who might be described as the thinking man's conductor. Some of them made music and some didn't, but there was abundant stimulation in an evening that included the C-major (*Jupiter*) Symphony of Mozart, Peter Mennin's new No. 7, and the fourth piano concerto of Beethoven in which Ivan Moravec of Czechoslovakia made his first New York appearance.

Because of a delay en route (enough time at Philharmonic Hall to determine that further attention to Hugo Weisgall's *Athaliah* would be unrewarding), I missed the first movement of the *Jupiter*. But the second was beautifully played, as was the Menuetto, in a non-dancing way. Szell's thinking cap was firmly in place for the Finale, which had a keenly penetrating presentation. Clearly Szell is aware that this is a "problem" movement, in which the course of the fugal figurations sometimes vanishes underground, as with a hidden river. But Szell found the mainstream of it all the way, even to a rhythmic pattern in the timpani that is commonly overlooked. There is, of course, the possibility that Mozart did not mean to carry the fugal purpose through the movement, but Szell's quest of a structural principle sustained the interest in some ordinarily obscure passages.

More ideas followed in the Mennin symphony, which continues a devotion to this composer's interest last expressed when Szell performed his piano concerto in 1958. Mennin has subtitled his work *Variation-Symphony*, which is one clue to its content. Another is the division of its single uninterrupted movement into five sections that parallel the four movements of conventional symphonic procedure, with a perorating coda. The composer gives ample warning of intent with the pronouncement of a motto theme in the double basses at the work's opening. It shows itself in a variety of guises subsequently, up to and including the culminating restatement at the very end.

All of this is unquestionably organic and productive of a well-organized skeleton, in which the Adagio is connected to the Allegro, the Allegro is connected to the Andante—and so on. What was lacking, to my way of hearing, was a fleshing out of the skeleton with something more robust in the way of musical meat. Mennin has a prodigious skill in draftsmanship, but it now tends to produce a convincing blueprint rather than a sightly building. When listening interest threatens to lag, he moves boldly to rouse it by means of heavy brass (trombones and tubas), reinforced from time to time by timpani (two players), cymbals, suspended cymbals, etc.

Szell, who doesn't ordinarily occupy himself with such easily resolved complexities, gave the score as much attention as if it were a problem in Haydnesque transparency. But the real joy of this evening, which will keep the inner man yearning for "more Cleveland" until the real thing returns, was the orchestral playing in the Beethoven concerto. The opening episode was a miraculous blend of sonority and definition, in which every choir was meticulously in tune, every dotted eighth and sixteenth had precisely the assigned value, and the sound was both supple and prismatic. Moravec's musicality (as noted in a recording of last year) is much above average, his artistic intent sophisticated. But his clear, bell-like sound is insufficiently modulated for dynamic interest, the poetics of the work less realized than its prose. However, against such a refinement of discourse as the orchestra provided, almost any pianist would have suffered—save, perhaps, Szell himself.

FOR those to whom the execution of vocal runs and roulades, trills and fioritura in general are the cause of joyous transports—and there seemed to be one in every seat of a sold-out Carnegie Hall for the American Opera Society's concert version of *Semiramide*—Joan Sutherland's glossy execution of the music for Rossini's heroine was doubtless an event of the year, possibly of the decade. For those who prefer such facility mated to dramatic meaning, it was a repetitive exhibition of virtuosity, full of trapeze-like near-misses surely redeemed by a well-timed lunge, embellishments artfully articulated, and a sunburst of a top E squarely on target at the climax of "Bel raggio lusinghier."

However, Rossini in the serious vein of biblical tragedy is hardly the composer of enticing originality and resourceful contrast that he is in opera buffa. The recitative clings to a predictable pattern, and the orchestral commentaries are rarely expressive on their

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own. What surprise there was in the presentation came from the excellent effort of Marilyn Horne as Arsace. She beat Miss Sutherland to the first bravos with her singing of "Ah! quel giorno agnor rammente," and showed excellent discipline, generally, of her bright voice. Competitively, Richard Cross (Assur) and Walter Carringer (Idreno) were left behind before the first act was completed, this being a style of singing to which contemporary male singers have devoted less productive effort than their female counterparts. Richard Bonynge marked the time steadily at the conductor's desk, but provided no strong impetus otherwise.

THERE was a variety of vocal interest in other events of the week, including Gabriella Tucci's return to the Metropolitan to sing a strong Leonora (her first) in *Il Trovatore*, against, rather than with, Franco Corelli as Manrico (his brilliant D flat at the end of the first act was a shade louder and a shade longer than his "partner's"). Calvin Marsh did creditably in his first di Luna. In less good voice after an absence of many months was Victoria de los Angeles, in a program of songs in Carnegie Hall. Her refined art was admirably employed in Schubert's *Mein*, and Brahms's *Ständchen*, but she hardly commands the intensity or variety of vocal colors for *Tod und das Mädchen*. The Spanish material was, of course, a special delight.

MUCH of what was required, vocally, for Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* was provided by Maureen Forrester and Richard Lewis at its latest hearing from the New York Philharmonic. They were the soloists at its last performances by the orchestra under Bruno Walter in 1960, and the program began, as it did then, with Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*.

The more pity then that Josef Krips didn't reproduce more of Walter's magnificently just perception of Mahler's purpose through which he made that masterwork his own. If he had, there would have been fewer excesses (and the insufficiencies that always go with excesses), especially in the rather raucous treatment of the opening, and the piecemeal delivery of "Von der Schönheit", "Der Trunkene im Frühling," and, least coordinated of all, the "Abschied." Krips dwelt inordinately on isolated verbal phrases and musical details (even to the insertion of unscored ritards in a script meticulously marked by its creator) to the detriment of large lines and total effects. There was a tempest of applause for the piece as played, for Miss Forrester makes an ear-filling sound, if not a very meaningful one, and Lewis now has taken to making an "acting part" out of "Der Trunkene," whose intoxication should be felt rather than seen. In such circumstances, however, the performance left the "Abschied" wanting in the unbearable weight of sadness it should convey. With Krips, it was quite bearable.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Soederstroem and Sergi

CONTINUING its habitual cast shuffling, the Metropolitan's latest *Ariadne auf Naxos* enlisted Elisabeth Soederstroem as the Composer for the first time. She seemed to have all the prerequisites for a first-class performance: a knack for convincing male impersonation, excellent English diction, a well-placed, medium-size soprano, and a fine sense of style. The only unanswered question concerns the Swedish soprano's ability to dominate the climax of the prologue in voice as well as action. On this occasion, her basically sturdy sound got buried in Martin Rich's even sturdier orchestra, which, one suspects, might have been restrained to the advantage of both Soederstroem and Strauss.

Earlier in the week, the Met's seedy old swan "boat" carried a new Lohengrin to 39th Street in the person of Arturo Sergi, the American-born, German-trained tenor who had made his debut late last season in *Boris Godunov*. Although Sergi's vocal equipment is rather light (and his physical equipment rather heavy) for ideal fulfillment of Wagner's heroic requirements, he came to grips with the role effectively. This had as much to do with importation of the costume he wears in Wieland Wagner's Hamburg production as with intelligent rationing of power. Also new was William Dooley, a stentorian Herald who might be well advised to exert less pressure on his top tones.

Returning from previous seasons were Jerome Hines as King Henry, who upgraded considerably the Met's current standard for Wagnerian basses, and Irene Dalis, whose Ortrud was strong vocally, stronger dramatically. The only principals held over from the seasonal premiere were Régine Crespin, still uncomfortable in Elsa's high lyric passages, and Walter Cassel, on this occasion an admirable replacement for Hermann Uhde as Telramund. (Cassel had also taken over the role from his indisposed colleague in the previous performance, after a nearly disastrous first act.)

Joseph Rosenstock merged the old and new elements smoothly, and with more spirit than anyone had a right to expect.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

RICHARD BURTON

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Second City

ALTHOUGH Guadalajara has been located on its present site since 1542, it was, for reasons that I am unable to explain, only the other week that I finally got around to having a look at it. It is, as I had been informed, the second largest city in Mexico, and it was celebrated, as countless mariachis had bellowed in my ear, as a city unparalleled in nostalgic appeal by almost any burg this side of Venice and Vienna.

It is also a settlement, as I noticed on my first ride through, already equipped with a Woolworth's and a Sears, and what with those familiar trade-marks, the traffic, and the leaky weather, it reminded me of nothing so much of Pittsburgh on a rainy night. Sears, bless their historical hide, has at least climbed inside a refurbished Colonial building. On the other hand, no one who isn't color-blind can miss the familiar cultural marquee of the five-and-ten. Soon the second city will also have a Hilton Hotel, a tall structure rising in what appeared to me to be the seamy side of town. But the Hiltons have a way of elevating neighborhoods, and I have no reason to doubt that by opening day the inn will soar above a shining new *quartier*.

At any rate the Hilton group has a knack for picking cities afflicted with a burning need for a new hotel. Prime examples are Istanbul, San Juan, and more recently London, Athens, and Hong Kong, to say nothing of New York, which until recently had seen no major hotel building since the Dark Ages. Until Conrad arrives in Guadalajara, Stetson in hand, the city will have to limp along on some extremely modest downtown establishments and a few American-style motels not exactly conveniently located on the outskirts of town. About the best of them is the Camino Real, which, with its modern air, sliding glass doors, sharp-angled furniture, and pool-in-the-middle-of-the-plot arrangement, could be transplanted tomorrow to the outskirts of almost any city on the far side of the Rio Grande. If I seem to disdain the Camino Real for its lack of national character, the opinion is not shared by the Mexicans who packed it to the eaves the Saturday night I was in town, overflowed its supper club, and then came back on a rainy Sunday to jam its dining room for the long noonday meal when the menu included Mexico's national dish, *mole de guajolote*.

Kissed off in Spanish, *mole de guajolote* might go unnoticed. Revealed as turkey with chocolate sauce, which is the way it is usually described to tourists, it becomes a dish that horrifies daredevils who otherwise munch eels and bear steak with relish. The dish is supposed to have been first prepared by a group of lay sisters who wished to thank a bishop for having built them a convent of their own. The sister superior selected a turkey and, after a number of kitchen tryouts, came up with a sauce to pour over the roasted bird. It included three kinds of chile pepper, almonds, raisins, peanuts, peppers, cloves, aniseed, cinnamon, and unsweetened chocolate. On top of it all go sesame seeds. The result is a turkey more likely to explode than melt in your mouth, and unless you have asbestos tonsils you'll be better off with a ham sandwich.

Some poets have referred to Guadalajara as the Pearl of the West, the Dresden of Mexico, the White City, the City of Aristocrats, and the Capital of Colonial Mexico. Indeed, one local motel, which immediately left me suspicious about its own standards, calls it simply "the Most Beautiful City in the World." Much of this superlative rocketry was lost on me, except perhaps for the Plaza de Armas, with the Governor's Palace on one side, a fussy bandstand in the center, and frilly ironwork benches lining the walkways. Here the people of Guadalajara come each Sunday, the young ones to walk and the older ones to sit and listen while the state band plays.

The back of the cathedral faces the Square of Liberty, a plaza of fountains and roses and the handsome Teatro Degollado, itself flanked by fountains that look as if they had been capitals of columns sawed off and fitted with pipes. Considerable comment has been evoked by the cathedral almost since the day it was begun in 1571. It was not finished until the early part of the seventeenth century, which in Mexico isn't surprising, but the cessation of construction didn't still the criticisms. Although it was begun in Gothic style, various builders through its long construction period have added touches of the Tuscan, Byzantine, Corinthian, and Doric. Some have said, perhaps unkindly, that it has suffered as much from earthquakes as it has from architects. One critic, Sylvester Baxter, writing of Guadalajara, has said, "The chief example of ecclesiastical architecture, the cathedral, is so absolutely bad as to be unworthy of a place in this volume."

A number of official buildings in this classical neighborhood are adorned with the murals of José Clemente Orozco, who lived and painted in the city. Some of his early works that symbolize "Man and His Philosophies and Progress in a Spiritual and Material World," a heady subject even for a large expanse of wall, appears in the Governor's Palace. The lecture hall of the university, one of the best seats of learning in Latin America, is also Orozco-embossed. Enormous, powerful murals fill the gray halls of the Hospicio de Cabañas, an orphanage founded in 1803. Orozco's subjects here are the Conquest of Mexico, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, and the Elements—fire, water, air, and earth, all of them so awesomely handled as to chill a Mafia hood, much less a motherless *niño*.

Orozco's own home and studio, which I strolled through one morning, transport none of the feeling of power and anger that bursts from the walls touched by his brush. The highway from Morelia and Mexico arrives in town at a fountain decorated with a giant statue of Minerva standing in the mist and spray. Down the boulevard, just in front of the archway that marks the gates of the city, stands a statue of Orozco surrounded by cypresses the year around and shaded in season by jacarandas and poincianas. His house is just across the street, the enormous studio room inside facing a small patio. The white eyeshade and apron still hang on the easel, and the paints, the brushes, and the artist's glasses are in a case. Ninety-two of his original works are on view daily except Monday.

Quite the most fun of Guadalajara are the mariachis, the roving bands of musicians who will play anywhere, anytime, any tune, at the drop of a coin. Anyone in need of a note to be played on any occasion has only to apply at the Plazuela de los Mariachis, the musicians' own square. Here the warblers and the instrumentalists gather every night of the year, piling their guitar cases in a corner and waiting for work. These troupes may number anywhere from eight to twelve men who ask about $1.20 to sing a single song, or about $15 to play by the hour. They will surround your taxi and play or appear under your girl's window. They meet airplanes and wake up people on their birthday with the traditional Las Mañanitas. Birthday chorales should be arranged for 6 A.M. with a full chorus;

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Saturday Review

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about three in the morning is the correct hour for serenading your girl, and a chorus of three is proper. A friend of mine, a romantic sort, has explained with pride that he has been arrested three times for sending a trio around to a girl's house in the middle of the night. Disturbing the peace.

Even without the presence of the mariachis, the square would be a lively place. The shop selling *discos* plays records at a level audible in Guatemala. The shoeshine boys bark a constant call for trade. Restaurants offer *ostiónes* and *camarónes*, girls mix corn meal for tortillas, fried fish lies in state following a relatively recent execution, beer is poured into tankards the size of bowling trophies, and the night owls stop by for a late evening snack of *pozole*, which is pork entrails and corn kernels, or *birria*, a local lamb stew.

In a less gamy section of town a new place called El Farol is making a valiant attempt to serve native foods in a relatively spotless setting. While waiting for pork served with red chile and tamales—just the thing to go to bed on—the customers nibble at the carrots, onions, olives, and cucumbers that are placed decoratively on every table. In deference to the Indian cultures, a favorite drink is *atole*, a corn meal beverage flavored with such embellishments of a later civilization as strawberry and chocolate flavoring. But even so modern a stand as El Farol hires a pair of ladies, who, for want of a better place, stand on the curbstone slapping tortillas with the sharp applause of trained hands.

The mariachis congregate, too, in the nearby suburb called Tlaquepaque, a center for artisans whose ateliers lean shoulder to shoulder down a long street. Inside, other trained hands turn glass lanterns, drinking tumblers, wine glasses, and salad plates in all sorts of hues from Bromo-Seltzer blue to sea green. Needlework, furniture, and Mexico's omnipresent silver make an overwhelming array. It all becomes so dazzling or wearying after a while that there seems little else to do but head for the plaza and drop into a leather chair. There, as is the custom, one can have one's soul caressed by the mariachis while the waiter fetches straight shots of *tequila* or else *sangrita*, which is tequila with orange juice, tomato juice, tabasco, and a little juice of onion. Sipping the firewater, nibbling on chittlins, called *chicharrónes*, and listening to the romantic tenors, one can dream in relative nirvana until strength returns and it is time to drive back to the city.

—HORACE SUTTON.

UNESCO

Continued from page 18

cations" division. This is budgeted for the current two years at about $5,000,000. In UNESCO's earliest years some of us had hoped that the organization might move into the mass media field in a major way; I myself proposed a globe-girdling educational broadcasting network to be called "The Voice of Humanity." (With present Soviet participation in UNESCO, it would be impossible to reach agreement on the programing for such a network.)

In practice UNESCO's Mass Communications Division has concentrated on "studies" (some of which have dramatized the shortage of mass communications facilities in underdeveloped countries); on serving as a clearinghouse of information; on trying to promote a freer flow of information across national boundaries; and in the use of the mass media in adult education.

OCCASIONALLY the question is raised whether it is a good thing to have the Russians in UNESCO. My answer has always been "yes." I do not mean by this that Mr. Khrushchev is really interested in the people of Upper Volta or the High Andes except as they can be proselyted to the support of Soviet policy. The early reluctance of the USSR to join came about, I suspect, because they feared many of UNESCO's objectives (the free flow of information, for example) and felt the best way to defeat them was to shun participation. When they saw UNESCO's growth, Stalin's successors decided to follow the old political dictum: "If you can't beat 'em, join 'em." Although the USSR has pursued its political objectives aggressively in UNESCO, and Soviet doctrine requires that education, science, and the arts should be mobilized to further Communist Party objectives, it has been far more moderate than in the U.N. itself. It is now represented on UNESCO's Executive Board by a distinguished biologist, an expert on the biological problems of the astronauts, Academician Sissakian, Learned Secretary of the Soviet Academy of Science. He is assisted by a former Soviet Ambassador to Paris, Ambassador Pavlov.

The very presence in UNESCO of the USSR and its bloc introduces a constant element of cold war politics and propaganda. Spokesmen for the bloc on the Executive Board think always in those terms. But they are there at UNESCO House as a matter of right, and I personally would rather talk to them face to face than exchange shouts at a distance.

Their presence means, however, that there is pressure on UNESCO to under-

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take positive campaigns in favor of such causes as disarmament and improved race relations. The Russians would love UNESCO to flaunt propaganda phrases like "post-decolonization," "racism," and "complete disarmament."

The theme of complete disarmament has been hammered around the world for years by Soviet propagandists, and with considerable success. Disarmament is an international political-military problem under constant consideration and negotiation at high levels among the great powers; the U.N. has an eighteen-nation commission devoted to it. I can conceive that UNESCO can contribute to the cause of disarmament by stimulating study of its economic and social consequences. This has been the official view of the Secretary General of the U.N., and this aspect of the subject is thus open to UNESCO for scholarly study. But I cannot conceive that the cause of disarmament can be advanced by echoing at UNESCO House the negotiations taking place at the U.N. and in key capitals; nor can it be moved forward by using UNESCO to trumpet the conflicting claims about who was first in the disarmament effort, who is blocking agreement, or who is refusing to accept controls.

Likewise, if UNESCO can produce studies dealing with race relations that employ high scholarly and scientific standards, it could make a contribution. Unhappily, UNESCO's record here has not always been good. One of its most dubious products was a booklet, published about a year ago by UNESCO under its own imprimatur, in which two Soviet writers paint the USSR as a land where equality and justice have been achieved for all races and minorities—because of Communism—in contrast to inequality and injustice in non-Communist nations. The U.S. lodged a strong protest against this misuse of UNESCO for nationalistic propaganda purposes. A new method of supervising UNESCO publications has been adopted, and I have been assured that such abuses are unlikely to recur.

What of the role of the United States?

In the early UNESCO conferences fear of "American cultural imperialism" and "Americanization in the guise of internationalization" was widespread. These attitudes cropped up in 1946 in Paris and again in 1947 at Mexico City in speeches first by Polish and then by Indian delegates. The latter deprecated American comic strips and detective stories. I replied, "What is so fragile about these cultures that they cannot withstand the impact of modern methods of communication? Do they really need to fear the crossword puzzle and detective story?" Thereafter, I heard fewer attacks on "American cultural imperialism" as such. But the attacks on our Hollywood movies were both bitter and prolonged. Such complaints have dwindled in recent years.

Despite the top-heavy proportion of our American financial contribution, we have throughout the years exercised a cousinly rather than a paternalistic voice in UNESCO. We have nothing even remotely resembling a U.S. voting bloc. We have tried to be firm. But we have not sought to dominate.

Inevitably, the level of American financial support—30.56 per cent of UNESCO's total, the second highest being the USSR with 14.29 per cent and the third being Britain with 7.23 per cent—leaves our UNESCO representatives caught between the crossfire of Congress, where some feel we are contributing too much, and that of the weaker nations, which unanimously and aggressively feel we are not doing enough.

THE voting pattern is changing. The Latin Americans, the Africans, and the Southeast Asians want to see the budget go up. They are the direct beneficiaries. At the recent Executive Board session, where thirty nations vote, the representatives of countries contributing two-thirds of UNESCO's budget, including the U.S., the United Kingdom, France, the USSR bloc, and West Germany, opposed the Director General's proposal for another 20 per cent budget rise for 1965-66 (the U.S. suggested a compromise at 13 per cent). The opposition was on the ground that UNESCO is running too fast, that it is not prepared to administer efficiently a program expanding so rapidly. But countries contributing less than 13 per cent, the beneficiary countries, prevailed in the vote, and the issue now moves to the General Conference in the fall of 1964, I was forced to point out to the Director General and the Executive Board that such a pattern of voting could encourage irresponsibility. Indeed, I went so far as to state that it could not continue.

Two African delegates spoke to us in earthy and eloquent terms of their countries' need for economic development. The representative of Nigeria, Samuel Cookey, told us, "This is not a time for stock-taking; there is a Nigerian proverb, 'The feet would like to rest but the stomach will not allow them.'" Ambassador Amadou Ba of Mali said, "It is not we who are gluttonous. It is life . . . you [the former colonial powers] left us with the slavery of the appetite."

The nations that hope to benefit directly from UNESCO, in the majority both on the Executive Board of thirty members and at the General Conference of 113, are impatient when the U.S. hesitates to support program expansion. The criticism suggests that our U.S. budgetary policy stems from a fear that successful UNESCO operations would lessen the effectiveness of bilateral American operations in the same fields—for example, through our AID programs and through the Alliance for Progress.

It is often hard for UNESCO delegates from other countries to understand that the U.S. contribution to UNESCO cannot be judged solely by UNESCO's needs and opportunities. It must be fitted into our support of the U.N. structure and our international obligations as a whole, as well as into UNESCO's administrative capabilities. One highly placed Latin American diplomat explained to me, "When your country dispenses $4 or $5 billion bilaterally each year and refuses $1 million more to UNESCO, the intellectuals of Latin America cannot understand. This creates suspicion of your U.S. attitude toward all United Nations agencies." There is a strange astigmatism that enables the representatives of many ordinarily sympathetic nations to view the U.S. financial attitude toward UNESCO as ungenerous while remaining uncritical of the nonpayment of United Nations dues by France and the Soviet Union. Indeed, Director General Maheu takes the position that such nonpayment of United Nations dues should have nothing to do with the U.S. attitude toward UNESCO or other U.N. agencies. This astigmatism permits such anomalies as the fact that, while the Soviets threaten to pay 50 per cent of their assessment for the regular UNESCO budget in rubles, Soviet experts insist on being paid in convertible currency.

Although UNESCO's total budget is small, and our contribution to it is only about one-tenth of 1 per cent of our appropriation for foreign aid, the importance of UNESCO cannot be equated with its dollars. It is in our interest to build up UNESCO's effectiveness. There are many steps that America should take toward this end. Continuing financial support, while crucial, is by no means our greatest potential contribution. We must expand public information programs on UNESCO—not merely in the U.S. but also elsewhere. We must strive to develop a flow of qualified and dedicated men and women to serve UNESCO. American universities and professional associations must learn to take a greater interest in UNESCO. We must liberalize the State Department personnel policies that now restrict the assignment of career officers and civil servants between the government and international organizations. At present, many State Department of-

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ficers seem to regard transfer from their more orthodox duties for service in UNESCO as "the kiss of death," as one officer put it to me recently, to their chances for career advancement. We must adopt policies to make U.N. service a plum instead of a pit.

Inevitably, UNESCO has followed many of Parkinson's laws; it could profit from considerable streamlining. One way the U.S. can contribute to this end is through the quality of the people it sends to Paris. Another is through our support of policies that will help the Director General achieve reform. The whole organization is now being studied by an outside group of four distinguished management specialists. The four come from the USSR, France, England, and the U.S., and are under the chairmanship of Professor John Corson of Princeton.

What are some of UNESCO's special opportunities?

After eighteen years UNESCO means many different things to many different people and nations. No one any longer hopes that it will develop a global panacea, a way station on the road to Utopia. But many are hopeful of its continuing potential for reducing international misunderstandings. More importantly, most concede its great potential to help long-backward countries, and thus to reduce inequalities that produce conflict. When he announced my appointment to UNESCO, President Kennedy said, "We look to UNESCO particularly for leadership in one of the central problems of our time—the desperate lack of adequate and relevant educational resources in those countries of the world which are trying today to engineer an escape from ancient poverty."

Further, and obviously, the world can profit from greater sharing of culture—culture not in the narrow sense of artistic achievement but in the broad sense of civilization as a whole. UNESCO can find ways to foster and develop the elusive techniques of cross-cultural communication.

Now, growing out of UNCAST, is UNESCO's emerging role in science.

UNESCO's contributions are particularly great when weighed against its relatively modest budget. Dr. Beadle was surprised when I told him that UNESCO's regular budget is less than 20 per cent of that of the University of Chicago.

UNESCO has not yet fulfilled the hopes of its founders. Few institutions created by man ever do. But UNESCO has only been at it for eighteen years. If it continues to seek out the practical ways of contributing to peace and security through education, science, and culture, the horizon of its opportunities remains unlimited.

West Pakistan—Under UNESCO auspices, girls learn to sew and crochet.

Meteorology in Israel; weavers in a community development program in Indonesia.

Chad—Vocational students receive instruction in metalworking.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

D.H.L. the Second Time Around

IN ADDITION to novels, stories, and poems, D. H. Lawrence wrote a fair amount of criticism, and there are many interesting essays and reviews in the posthumous collection *Phoenix*. Only once, however, did he attempt a major critical work—*Studies in Classic American Literature*, first published in 1923.

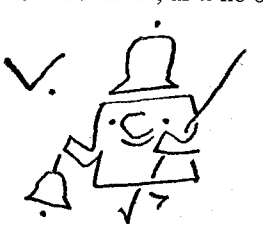
He began writing the studies in 1917, and in the next two years eight of them appeared in the *English Review*. Then, in 1920, while he was living in Sicily, he worked over the essays. Finally, in Taos in the winter of 1922-23, he undertook a more drastic revision, which resulted in the book that we know. The writers he chose to discuss are Benjamin Franklin, Hector St. John Crèvecoeur, James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Herman Melville, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allan Poe, and Richard Henry Dana.

This is the process that Armin Arnold describes in his introduction to *The Symbolic Meaning: The Uncollected Version of Studies in Classical American Literature* (Viking, $5), which he has edited. In this volume we find the essays as Lawrence originally wrote them, and it is astonishing to discover how different this version is from that of 1923. The changes, moreoever, are not all for the better, and *The Symbolic Meaning* is not only a different book, as Arnold says, but in some ways a superior one.

The chief difference is in tone. In the first version of the essays Lawrence is calm, setting forth his analyses and arguments in an orderly fashion. In the 1923 version the tone is hysterical. Conrad Aiken, in a contemporary review that Arnold quotes, described the book as "a violent, unthinking outpouring of feelings and perceptions; unselected, unarranged, and expressed with a conscious disregard for personal dignity." As Arnold explains, Lawrence, having seen America for the first time, was disillusioned. "Lawrence was living at Lobo Ranch near Taos. His violent hate against Mabel Dodge and Tony Luhan was at its peak; he was in a state of extreme nervous tension resulting in almost insane outbursts against his wife, his friends, his animals, against America as a whole."

In another way, however, the revised version is an improvement. At the time when he was writing the original essays, Lawrence was preoccupied with evolving a philosophy and a psychology. His central thesis was that man should trust instinct—"the blood" is what he usually said—rather than reason. In support of this he devised a most complicated scheme having to do with the "fourfold division of the psychic body," centers of consciousness, plexuses, ganglia, blood-knowledge and mind-knowledge, and so forth. Pages of the original essays are full of these speculations, which sometimes seem close to nonsense. Later, in *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious* (1921) and *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1922), he expounded his ideas at great length if not with great coherence, and thus he had partly got them out of his system when he sat down to the final revision. There are plenty of allusions to his theories but not much exposition of them.

More important, however, than the differences is the fact that both versions show an extraordinary insight into American literature. Lawrence writes with absolute freshness, as if no one had



ever discussed these eight authors before. He has no critical apparatus; his response to what he reads is direct and spontaneous, and that is why Edmund Wilson, who included the whole of *Studies* in his anthology *The Shock of Recognition*, is right in describing the work as "one of the few first-rate books ever to have been written on the subject." In the prefatory essay in *Studies* Lawrence wrote: "The artist usually sets out—or used to—to point a moral and adorn a tale. The tale, however, points the other way, as a rule. Two blankly opposing morals, the artist's and the tale's. Never trust the artist, trust the tale." What he is saying, of course, is that an important part of the artist's achievement comes from his subconscious mind, and one can agree to that without accepting the whole Lawrentian theology.

Because he follows his own demon, Lawrence's judgments are often surprising. One would expect him, for exam-

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ple, to have no use for Benjamin Franklin's bland and discreet reasonableness, and he does poke fun at it, but at the same time he recognizes the stature of the man. Similarly, he finds in Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur darker qualities than anyone had previously perceived. Even more perceptive and original is his discussion of James Fenimore Cooper, especially the *Leatherstocking Tales*, which have so often been dismissed as boys' books.

Lawrence does so well with Cooper because he trusts the tale, not the author. The same is true of his treatment of *The Scarlet Letter*; and, though I think he sometimes presses his interpretation too far, especially in the 1923 version, some of his observations are startlingly true. Take this passage as an example: "Right to the end Dimmesdale must have his saintly triumphs. He must preach his Election Sermon, and win his last saintly applause. At the same time he has an almost imbecile, epileptic impulse to defile the religious reality he exists in. In Dimmesdale at this time lies the whole clue to Dostoevsky."

One of the glories of Lawrence as critic was his recognition of the importance of *Moby Dick* at a time when most Americans, including the scholars, scarcely knew that Melville had existed. He writes well on *Typee* and *Omoo*, but it is the great novel that calls forth his greatness. As almost always, the 1923 version is high-pitched, but it is no more enthusiastic than the early version. In this Lawrence writes: "So ends one of the strangest and most wonderful books in the world, closing up its mystery and its tortured symbolism. It is an epic of the sea such as no man has equaled; and it is a book of exoteric symbolism of profound significance, and of considerable tediousness."

About only one of his figures did Lawrence drastically alter his opinion between 1918 and 1923. In the earlier version he could not speak too highly of Whitman: "The greatest modern poet!" The later version is mostly derisive, although Lawrence does try at the end to salvage Whitman by reinterpreting him.

I have said that in some ways the early version is better, but anyone who was brought up on *Studies in Classic American Literature* is not likely to accept *The Symbolic Meaning* as a substitute. To tell the truth, after the stridency, the abusiveness, and the fury of the book we have known, the earlier essays seem rather tame. Yet I am happy that the collection has been published, for it does have its merits, and a comparison of the two volumes helps us to see Lawrence more clearly.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

ON THE FRINGE

They Say No News Is Good News

BOOK columnists write about new books being published. Book-publicity people disseminate information about new books being published. The bringing together of these two groups is a business fraught with occupational hazards. Cauliflower ears blossom from too many phone calls; livers turn to sponge at endless cocktail parties; hips spread, paunches swell, and ulcers twinge during overly rich, three-hour lunches; eyes redden and grow dim over the daily ton of material ground out in praise of best-sellers-to-be which only the author's relatives will read and then on condition that they are given a free copy.

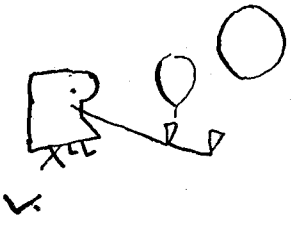
Knowing all of this, you can imagine my joy at being invited to the monthly luncheon of the Publishers' Publicity Association. Here, in one room and over but one luncheon, I could surely gather enough news to fill at least a half-dozen columns. How could I miss with all of those lovely publicity people packed in together? I had merely to walk around with ears open and pencil at the ready.

The luncheon of the PPA, as its membership cozily calls itself, took place at the Advertising Club on New York City's Park Avenue. The day I attended, the group had two rooms at its disposal, a long rectangular dining room and a small boxlike room with a makeshift bar at one end. The rectangle opened off the box, in which, at the time of my arrival, some fifty or sixty men and women were jammed and gabbing away. Before I could grab my pencil, someone grabbed me. "Get yourself a drink. Get yourself a drink," he said. I did. I did.

"Ninety-five cents," the bartender said.

Ninety-five cents lighter and one drink heavier, I pushed into the crowd and headed for the friendly face of Mr. A., top publicity man of a very large publishing house. I had at least five inside tips I wanted him to confirm. "Hi." I said. "Now, what's this I hear about a new novel about. . . ."

"You didn't pay for that drink, did you?" Mr. A. asked.



"I did," I said. "Now about that novel by. . . ."

"You're not supposed to pay. You're a guest. I'll get your money back."

Mr. A. disappeared into the mob. I turned and introduced myself to Mr. B. "Have you any news for my column?"

He thought a moment. "Say, why don't you talk to ———? He's got a new book out next month, a sure best-seller, bigger than his last one. I'll give you his number. It's long distance. You call and get him to tell you about how he. . . ."

A lady cut in. "Here," she said. "Mr. A. told me what happened. I got your dollar back."

I told her that I had only paid ninety-five cents. She ignored that. "You're a guest so you're not supposed to pay. Just tell the bartender that from now on."

I took the dollar and thanked her. Over her shoulder I saw Mr. B. drift away. The lady smiled at me. "I guess there's no point in introducing you around. You must know everybody," she said. She waved to someone beyond me and walked off.

A man with a camera worked through the room. "Who's he taking pictures for?" I asked the nearest person, a Mrs. C.

"I don't know," she said.

We introduced ourselves. She represented a quality publishing house I wanted to talk to. I fished out the pencil again. "I want to ask you. . . ."

"I hope you didn't pay for that drink," she said. "You're a guest and guests aren't supposed to pay."

"So I've heard."

"You know what I'm going to do when I stop working? I'm starting a club called the Ex-Career Women's Association. It will be like Alcoholics Anonymous, only with alcohol, see? Suppose you've been staying home too long and the kid is getting on your nerves and your husband's a grouch. Well, you begin to think about going back to work. Immediately, you call up a fellow E.C.W.A. member and she rushes over and before you do anything rash you both go out and get loaded and remind each other about all the terrible days at the office. That way you don't make the mistake of getting another job. Great idea, huh?"

"Well," I said cautiously and polished off my drink.

"I think so, too," Mrs. C. said.

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Mr. A. was back. "You want another drink?"

I looked at my glass and my empty note pad. "Why not?"

"Don't pay," he said.

"I won't," I said. "I'm a guest and I'm not supposed to pay."

Mr. A. pushed has empty glass at me. "I'm a member and I have to pay, but you're a guest, so why don't you ask for two drinks—I'm having Scotch and water."

Luckily, luncheon was announced at that moment. After a decent roast beef, the PPA got down to business. A new member was proposed. The lady in question had left her firm and was now handling free-lance publicity assignments. "Does anybody not want her?" Madame President asked. There was silence. "Then I guess she's in."

A gentleman arose to plead for volunteer workers at a publishing function. "We have seven volunteers but we need five more. That way we can rotate people at the reception desk and no one gets stuck too long. Huh?"

He looked around. One hand went up. The lady gave her name. "And she's not even a member!" he said, hoping to shame four more volunteers to their feet. You could hear wrist watches in the silence.

The president took over and introduced the guest speakers. I said a few words about my need for news for this column. In desperation, I gave out my home phone number. No one bothered to write it down.

The two main speakers were in the travel field. They spoke on cooperation between book publicity people and travel men. At the table directly in front of the dais sat seven people, four men and three women. Two of the women napped.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, the photographer took pictures of the guests. "Who are they for?" I asked the nearest person. "I don't know," he answered.

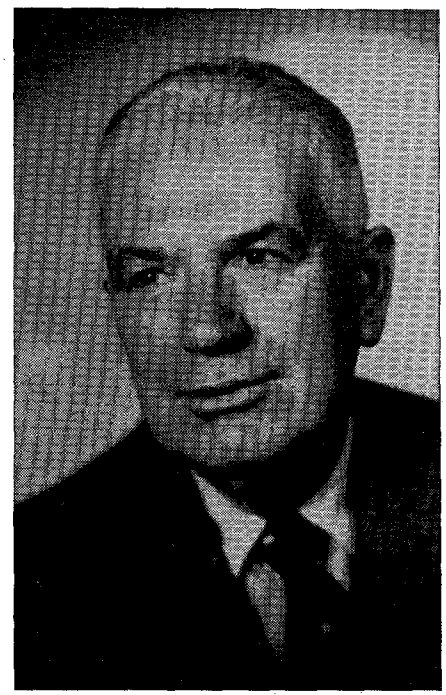
The room emptied in seconds. I picked up my note pad. There was a roast beef stain on the page and nothing else. I put it away and started for the elevator. A hand tapped me on the shoulder. It was Mr. B. "Hey now, don't forget to call ———. You could get a great story out of it. See ya."

The lady who had returned my dollar two hours ago was in the elevator. "I hope you didn't have any further trouble at the bar," she said. "You're a guest and guests are not supposed to pay."

I wrote down the phrase so as to have something to show my editor. And that was when I finally learned something I hadn't known before. My ball-point pen won't write through beef gravy.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

He Also Served



Rexford Tugwell—"a victim of the Roosevelt system."

Rexford Tugwell and the New Deal, *by Bernard Sternsher (Rutgers University Press. 535 pp. $9), attempts to set the record straight about a controversial public servant. "The Era of Franklin D. Roosevelt" is among Denis Brogan's many books.*

By DENIS BROGAN

REXFORD TUGWELL was at once an important actor in "the first New Deal" and a symbol of that enemy of the American way of life who kept people—some of whom ought to have known better—awake o' nights fearing his nefarious plans to sovietize America. It may not matter that Bernard Sternsher's book about him is written in a drab, academic gobbledygook; the organization of so long a study as this is a more serious matter, and the organization seems to me, frankly, to be bad. The author has attempted both an analytical account of Dr. Tugwell's ideas and a biography. But the account of the ideas is repetitious and unclear and, at times, only loosely linked to the biography, while the biography is nearly void of personal detail. It is almost casually that we learn that Dr. Tugwell was divorced after a fairly long marriage (by American standards). We are told that he was a success as chairman of the New York City Planning Commission but not what his duties were. We are given an indication that he thought that Muñoz Marín was too soft on the Communists in Puerto Rico, but we are told nothing of Tugwell's activities as Governor of Puerto Rico, which surely is relevant to the much debated question of his possession or lack of administrative ability.

Although it may appear that too much space is devoted to disproving the absurd charges brought against Dr. Tugwell by political evangelists like Mark Sullivan and David Lawrence, since Dr. Tugwell's usefulness was lessened by the nonsense so lavishly uttered it is perhaps worthwhile to exhume and refute the slanders—if they can be honored by so comparatively dignified a name. But it should be said that Professor Sternsher is not a blind admirer. He notes, as others have, Dr. Tugwell's lack of tact, his talent for putting up the backs of would-be friends and of infuriating natural enemies. He lacked tact in another way—what Cavour called the greatest need of a successful politician or statesman, *"le tact des choses possibles."* True, FDR had this talent overdeveloped, and Dr. Tugwell had good reason for resentment at being kept out of the campaign of 1936, when not even he could have prevented a Roosevelt landslide. But one can see FDR's point and, still more, James A. Farley's. "Give a dog a bad name"—and hang his allies.

Sometimes the charges brought against him were peculiarly unjust. Rural rehabilitation was wished on Dr. Tugwell; he was not a deep schemer anxious to liquidate the American kulaks or to collectivize American agriculture. He had legitimate doubts about the economic advantages of some forms of rural rehabilitation, notably the President's passion for subsistence farming, with or without associated minor industries. However, it was not only FDR who believed in this bucolic cure-all. I remember how startled I was in the summer of 1934 to hear my host, one of the greatest and most conservative of Chicago corporation lawyers, preach this panacea to me. But he wanted to put millions on subsistence farms; compared

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with Silas Strawn, FDR and Rex Tugwell were pikers! Indeed, one compensating aspect of what I think is this book's bad organization is that Professor Sternsher, by his lavish quotation of contemporary nonsense, makes us realize how demoralized and befuddled the American élite was. Professor Sternsher is in fact unjust to Mr. Hoover, who was a beacon of real if limited common sense compared with most of his fellow Republican leaders.

The account of the role of the Brain Trust, of the early days of the New Deal when everything, good and bad, seemed possible, is highly convincing. In addition, it makes amusing reading even though one may think that Professor Sternsher trusts too implicitly in the Ickes *Diary* as a source.

Dr. Tugwell certainly deserves this rehabilitation. He was not a mere doctrinaire; he was a victim of the Roosevelt system of divided control and of his own talent for indiscretion. But he deserved well of the Republic.

This book is too long and repetitious, but it is and will remain useful.

Transport East to Buried Kingdoms

Road to Nineveh: The Adventures and Excavations of Sir Austen Henry Layard, *by Nora Benjamin Kubie (Doubleday. 324 pp. $5.95), tells zestfully of the digs that unearthed the huge winged bulls, the bas-reliefs, and other monuments to the glory of long-dead Assyrian kings. Leonard Cottrell, author of many books on archeology—"The Bull of Minos," "Lost Worlds"—has visited the areas Mrs. Kubie describes, and recently produced, for BBC, a documentary on Layard's life.*

By LEONARD COTTRELL

ALMOST unaided, except by a few native workmen, Sir Austen Henry Layard, one of the great pioneer archeologists, excavated the great mounds of Nimrud and Nineveh in Mesopotamia. There he revealed to the world the glories of the long-dead Assyrian kings, men such as Ashurnasirpal and Sennacherib, who up to the time of Layard's discoveries (1845-1851) were known only from the Bible. One other archeologist, the Frenchman Paul Botta, who worked at the mound of Kuyunjik at the same time as Layard, shares the splendor of his achievement. Both were young men, friendly rivals at digging from the Mesopotamian earth the huge winged bulls, the bas-reliefs, and other works of sculpture which, having lain buried for more than 2,500 years, now enrich the galleries of the British Museum and the Louvre. But whereas Botta had liberal help from his government, Layard had to make do on a shoestring budget.

While Nora Benjamin Kubie's book deals only briefly with Layard's later life in politics and diplomacy (he finished his archeological work when he was thirty-four), it recaptures in enthralling detail the daring, courage, persistence, and, above all, the youthful exuberance of this extraordinary man. One must admit that her most powerful aids in recreating this adventure are Layard's own writings. For the archeologist wrote brilliantly; he could evoke a landscape, draw a character, or reconstruct a dialogue with the skill of a master. In this he was no doubt helped by his unconventional upbringing. Unlike most middle-class Victorian boys, he traveled widely with his art-loving parents and, through his mother and aunt, met many distinguished figures, among them, Benjamin Disraeli, whom he greatly admired.

Statue of Ashurnasirpal II, from the small temple of Nimrud.

As a young boy, he tells us, he would spend hours sprawled on the floor of the Florentine mansion in which, for a time, his parents lived, eagerly reading *The Arabian Nights*, a book that, more than any other, inspired him to travel east as soon as he could find the means. Not that Layard was in any way a bookworm. At various schools in France and England he had to endure the persecutions of more conventional children who could not understand his love of art, his facility in languages, and his ardently radical politics. In a French *lycée* he was hated as a representative of the nation that had helped to defeat Napoleon, and at his English school the boys called him "Mounseer" and "Frog-eater" because he had lived in France and could speak and read the language well. Under these bullyings Layard gave as good as he got, and on more than one occasion came home with his clothes torn and face bleeding.

His chance to travel east came when, having spent six dull and miserable years in the office of his uncle, a London solicitor, he was invited by another uncle to go to Ceylon. But instead of going the traditional way, by sea, Henry and an equally adventurous friend, Edward Mitford, undertook the journey first by post-chaise as far as Dalmatia and then on horseback through Turkey and across the mountains of Armenia to what are now Syria and Iraq. Parting from Mitford, who continued on to India, Layard remained in the Middle East, traveling alone or with native guides. Though suffering from malaria, frequently robbed and beaten up, he determinedly explored Damascus, Jerusalem, Petra, and Persia, where he had adventurous encounters with the fierce Bakhtiari tribes. Finally he got himself a post under the British ambassador at Constantinople, reporting on conditions in the Middle East, and it was during these journeys that Layard came upon the mysterious Assyrian mounds which, with small financial help, he proceeded to excavate.

The author has traveled in these areas, watched archeological "digs," and done her research well. Any howlers are only minor, *e.g.*, Aylesbury is hardly a "suburb" of London even today, and it is certainly not "a neighbor" of Cheltenham. But, like her subject, Mrs. Kubie writes with a youthful zest and has produced a book which will be enjoyed equally by young people and their parents.

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Clean Living with Elbow Grease: In the latter half of the nineteenth century a minister's son named Horatio Alger, Jr., wrote more than 100 books and magazine serials about and for teen-age boys. The plot was almost always the same: a poor but honest newsboy (or bootblack or street musician) goes through a series of harrowing adventures and is ultimately rewarded for his virtue by being transformed into a prosperous young businessman. This formula, so simple and so appealing, resulted not only in huge sales for the books but also in establishing the phrase "a Horatio Alger story" as a synonym for the typically American idea of the poor boy making good through hard work and clean living.

Now along comes John Tebbel with *From Rags to Riches: Horatio Alger, Jr. and the American Dream* (Macmillan, $4.95), a biography of the author and an evaluation of his work that views this nineteenth-century phenomenon through a distinctly twentieth-century eye. Alger is presented as a lifelong case of arrested development, his emotional experience consisting of two sordid yet comic involvements with women, as well as a long period during which he lived "a kind of existence which was homosexual in nature, if not in fact" at the Newsboys' Lodging House in New York.

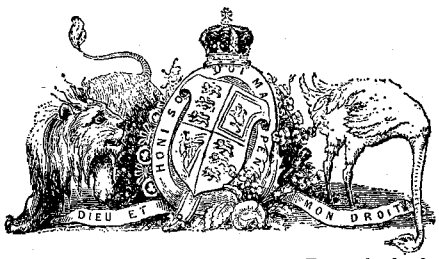
In his relish for the dramatic disparity between Alger's moralistic writings and his apparently messy life, Tebbel occasionally seems to be on shaky ground; the details and documentation are fairly skimpy. What is more solid, and more interesting, is his evaluation of Alger's novels, which he finds to be "stilted" and "flat," the product of "shallow imagination" and "melodramatic plotting." What is worse, Alger himself never seems to have been convinced of his own basic premise—that hard work and virtue are the road from rags to riches. In almost every book the hero is suddenly elevated, not by his own actions, but by the appearance of a mysterious stranger or some other incredible coincidence.

Despite this basic inconsistency and a complete lack of literary merit, Alger's books nonetheless attracted and influenced several generations of American boys. The reason is not hard to find. The Cinderella story, in one form or another, has always been irresistible. Our present-day equivalents may be more plausible, and they are certainly better written, but they are direct descendants of Horatio Alger, Jr. John Tebbel has done a creditable job of putting all this in perspective, though there will be some nostalgic readers over forty who will never forgive him for doing it. —Robert Stein.

Is London Town Falling Down?

Suicide of a Nation? An Enquiry Into the State of Britain Today, *edited by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan. 253 pp. $4.95), claims that class distinctions, public schools, and other outdated institutions are stultifying British life. J. H. Plumb's most recent book is "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB



—From the book.

POOR old Britain! Her infirmities are mortal, not because cure is impossible, but because, blithely, stupidly, fatuously, her governing élite will never recognize her malady, let alone accept the remedy. She has "class" the way some people have arthritis: her joints are inflamed and so crooked that opportunities slip from her swollen fingers as she limps towards a future of growing immobility and decay.

These physicians of hers, whom Arthur Koestler collected and *Encounter* sponsored—economists, sociologists, psychologists, educationalists, social scientists of every hue from dark blue to flat red—, are all agreed on the diagnosis: class divisions, public school (private boarding schools, to you) education, House of Lords, feudal Honours system, Hanoverian court, all cripple her economic and social potential, stultify her cultural life, scientific as well as artistic, and maintain a bogus sense of imperial greatness that is totally out of phase with reality. Sweep 'em all away, and then Britain might have a fighting chance of becoming a second Sweden.

Against this view only Henry Fairlie, the one British political commentator who can, on occasion, stand alongside James Reston, Murray Kempton, and Walter Lippmann and not seem a dwarf, sounds a note of protest, emphasizing wisely the astonishing British achievements since World War II: less poverty, more education, and a better health service than that of any other country of her size in the world; added to which she has allowed herself to be divested of an empire, with less savagery and more tolerance than any empire in the history of mankind. Of course, there is still poverty, a massive need for more schools and better hospitals, and her imperial policy still lacks candor.

Nevertheless, her achievement is great. Old, arthritic, slow, Britain may be, but there is about her an air of wisdom, and no other country can match her for political maturity. Her House of Commons, medieval institution though it is, can, unlike Congress, pass social legislation of a radical kind; and her political parties can differ without murderous violence. She would never tolerate a statesman as unyielding as Adenauer, as fanatical as de Gaulle, as evil as Franco, or as silly as Nehru; and, although she is unlikely ever to produce a Kennedy, at least in Britain he would not have died. As Fairlie rightly stresses, Britain may be crippled but she is not without virtue.

Yet one cannot write off John Mander, John Vaizey, Malcolm Muggeridge, Andrew Shonfield, and the rest as disgruntled, ill-informed, unperceptive, and ignorant of Britain's true state. Their criticism of Britain's blind, limpet-like adherence to outmoded forms

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1074

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1074 will be found in the next issue.

RTZQY RTFM ATC QFYA CLF

YEMFAKF TG CLTSZLC, ESC

CLF FAR TG CLTSZLC.

KLFMCFHCTA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1073

We hear and apprehend only what we half know.

—Thoreau.

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of social organization are, of course, justified. No one can doubt that class, fostered by public-school education, eats like a canker into the economic fabric of a country in which birth rather than ability still controls promotion in industry and commerce. But these commentators—all at the top of their form in this lively and provoking book—concentrate, I think, too narrowly on the public schools, which are rapidly becoming the scapegoat for every manifestation of social injustice and snobbery. They remain immensely vigorous, for the *nouveau riche* will always buy social insignia in an affluent society, and Britain is certainly still affluent; their abolition is well-nigh impossible, no matter how deeply desired.

There are less strongly rooted institutions that would make easier targets and that are just as snobbish. One or two of these commentators might have concentrated their fire on the outworn flummery of Britain's Honours system, with its ludicrous orders of chivalry, along with the rest of the idiotic hierarchies that proliferate like weeds in British society.

However, if you have a love-hate relationship with Britain, you will enjoy this book, every page of it; for its self-appointed physicians are ruthless almost to the point of sadism in their exposures of the diseases that rack their country. The only silly thing about the book is its title—old ladies, even if crippled, have a hunger to live that drives them on and on and on. Senility it may be, but suicide never.

A Quiet Culture Out of Chaos

***Is There a Contemporary Indian Civilization?**, by Mulk Raj Anand (Asia Publishing House. 207 pp. $5.25), offers historical as well as other explanations for the status of the Subcontinent today. Tara Ali Baig, an Indian writer and radio commentator, lectures on India's history and culture.*

By TARA ALI BAIG

C. R. RAJAGOPALACHARI, India's last Governor-General, had a mind like a two-edged Moghul fist-dagger. He inaugurated the Asian Writers' Conference some years ago by telling the assembled writers (including the author of this book, who was secretary of the conference) that there was no such bird, for the most part, as an original writer. What one man wrote another copied. Research was only another name for repeating academic mistakes, scholarship merely diligence in reading other men's books.

The first part of the book under review lives up handsomely to this definition. Not only is it a mish-mash of history with many repetitions, but so varied are the styles of succeeding chapters that they read like the contributions of different authors in a symposium. Since the preface states, "This little book has grown out of my participation in the UNESCO Seminar on 'Traditional Values in India' in the dialogues between East and West," this might well be true.

The first chapter is historical, and this is necessary to the theme. But the second chapter reminds one irresistibly of inter-university debates: it has the posture and stance of the uncertain but bookish debater, using invective rather than argument, purple prose in the place of reason, and quotations in a manner that was England's greatest educational disservice to India.

Fortunately, the last chapter on the "Emergence of a New Indian Civilization" has some coherence and clarity of thought. There are positive statements, for instance, about humanism. And these do seem to be the author's own. The analysis of Jawaharlal Nehru and his impact, from a succession of great thinkers like Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Tagore, and Gandhi, upon modern India is trenchant, if not as profound as it might have been. There are also comments upon unity and the factors of disunity which are not without significance.

It is a pity, however, that, while the author stresses planning and other methods used to achieve a socialist state, and the cultural and political aspects involved, he almost wholly ignores the decisive economic factors that are at the root of radical social change.

None of this, moreover, enlarges or clarifies his arguments as to why the West is not really "materialistic" and the East not really "spiritual." The serious student of contemporary India is well aware that somewhere in the ferment of new political upheavals, new economic and cultural objectives, and new definitions of humanism, the bewildered and hard-pressed Indian, trying to keep body and soul together amid all his problems, manages somehow to retain his universal spirit and something of his basic values. All this showed clearly enough when the Chinese struck in October 1962. The fissiparous elements, muddled and contradictory solutions to problems, the lust for power and privilege mentioned by the author vanished completely in an extraordinary solidarity of national resolve and high-minded, selfless determination.

The subject of this book is of very considerable importance; it deserved a more serious and scholarly treatment.

"Dammit! I knew what I was trying to say when I started it."

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Life Sketches of Delhi

Like Birds, Like Fishes and Other Stories, *by R. Prawer Jhabvala (Norton. 224 pp. $3. 95), in its variety of characters and situations, mirrors contemporary Delhi's middle and upper classes. William Clifford is a writer and editor with a special interest in Asian literature.*

By WILLIAM CLIFFORD

ONE OF India's best novelists writing in English is R. Prawer Jhabvala, who was born Ruth Prawer of Polish parents in Germany, where she spent the first twelve years of her life. During the next twelve years she continued her education in England, then married a Parsi architect, with whom she has resided in Delhi for the past twelve years. Seeming to take root the day she arrived on Indian soil, Mrs. Jhabvala finished her first novel, *Amrita,* in a year and a half. Everyone said it skilfully pictured society in modern Delhi; she had completely grasped the workings of the Indian mind, while at the same time exhibiting in herself no less than the gentle irony of Jane Austen.

"I cannot," she has remarked, "imagine myself ever living—or indeed ever having lived—anywhere else. If R. K. Narayan can go on writing all those novels about Malgudi, a much smaller place, I don't see why I can't write as many as I like about Delhi." The total is now five, and each is a delight. Through the pages of *Amrita* and *The Nature of Passion* march the progressive girls and dilatory young men, the important committeewomen and dishonest contractors, the esthetes and hangers-on, the poor relations and frightened underlings, the absurd but lovable characters of Delhi's upper and middle classes. *Esmond in India* has a darker coloring, concerned as it is with unhappy marriages (almost all marriages are unhappy, apparently, but some are more hysterical than others) and a search for God. *The Householder* moves to a lower economic level, but the human relationships are much the same. In *Get Ready for Battle* we return to a *nouveau riche* setting like that of the second book.

Through them all runs a rich vein of high humor. One of Mrs. Jhabvala's best effects, which she employs with great skill and welcome frequency, is to have people talking at cross purposes, paying no attention to each other, but making a meaningful and hilarious counterpoint, sometimes even harmonizing, like the singers of an operatic quartet who may or may not be singing to each other. She misses very little that goes on anywhere, at any level.

Now, after five fine novels, five feasts, we are offered a book of eleven short stories, like a dessert tray of sweetmeats. There's something for every taste, even a masterful story not about India but about German Jewish refugees, called "A Birthday in London." This and five others ran in *The New Yorker*—stories about a grandmother finding happiness for her spirit, about a widow turning to religion following the frustration of her desire for a young man, about a timid man going to apply for a job, about the young second wife of a high official, about a merchant with no sons who becomes the father of a sixth baby daughter.

Mrs. Jhabvala chooses as protagonists for the remaining five stories a little man who works his way up in a posh draper's shop, a poet who wins the Literary Academy prize, an English wife who keeps a stiff upper lip in her undisciplined Indian family, a neighboring loose woman, and a romantic vagabond who builds a brief following as a holy man. They are all life-sized and, combined, brilliantly mirror various aspects of India today.

A Writer Uniquely Human

Late-Blooming Flowers and Other Stories, *by Anton Chekhov, translated from the Russian by I. C. Chertok and Jean Gardner (McGraw-Hill. 252 pp. $4.95), offers seven comparatively unfamiliar tales by an author who combined esthetic and social conscience. Charles Simmons co-edited "The Creative Present."*

By CHARLES SIMMONS

CHEKHOV is excludingly seductive. While you read him you are ready to eschew all other writers. And if you add to an experience of his work a knowledge of the man—by reading, say, Ernest J. Simmons's recent biography—you become almost unfit for other literary intercourse. It is an illusion and transitory, but for a while everything else seems less. Homer is grandiose, Rabelais facetious, Dante deliberate and synthetic, Shakespeare oratorical, Cervantes over-artful, Goethe exhibitionistic, Joyce obsessive. As for Chekhov's fellow Russians, Pushkin seems primitive, Gogol cute, Turgenev cold, Dostoevsky insane, Tolstoy pompous. One could perhaps start with any of these writers and explain how they, similarly and for a time, cast the rest into the shade. But one is not tempted to do this, and so I assume there is something unique about Chekhov.

—From the book jacket.

I think it is this: there was in this profane saint so much of what one seeks in human beings that mere admiration does not encompass one's response to him. Only love does. This was a man who practiced his art with both an esthetic and a social conscience, neither interfering with the other as they are apt to do, and as they always do in small artists. This was a man who, having been trained as a doctor, understood that his skill was a sacred connection with society. He practiced medicine all his life. This was a man who, though sick with tuberculosis for years, never let his compassion diminish to despair, his understanding to cynicism, his

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sense of pleasure to self-indulgence. He was slow to accept public and professional opinion of himself as a genius; and at the height of his fame his modesty, his common sense, and, most of all, his humanity prevailed.

I. C. Chertok, a Russian émigré and scholar, and Jean Gardner, a British émigré and Mr. Chertok's student, have translated seven stories that span Chekhov's twenty-five-year writing career. All but one of them, "Big Volodya and Little Volodya," are difficult to find in English. And the entire seven, as the introduction points out, deal with "the motif of love, with all its subtlest and most secret manifestations."

The title piece—more a novella than a story—was published when Chekhov was twenty-two. It puts to exquisite use themes that recur throughout his later work. A declining aristocratic family—father dead, mother snobbish and foolish, son useless and stupid, daughter soft and yearning and uncorrupted—discover possible salvation in one Dr. Toporkov, the son of their father's former valet. Toporkov is a new Russian man. By dint of intelligence and industry, and nearly at the cost of his humanity, he is now on his way to wealth and fame. His proposal of marriage is presented to the daughter. Mother and son swallow their pride at the prospect of restored riches, only to find that Toporkov had sent his marriage broker indiscriminately into the field to obtain not so much a wife as a dowry. There is a passage, at the close, describing Toporkov's emotional reclamation that will blind your eyes with tears.

This excellent volume, probably guaranteed of commercial success (the title story was published in the January *Ladies Home Journal*), should be a reminder to publishers that Chekhov wrote over 500 stories. Only a fraction have been adequately translated, and only a smaller fraction are in print.

Subject to Trial by Terror

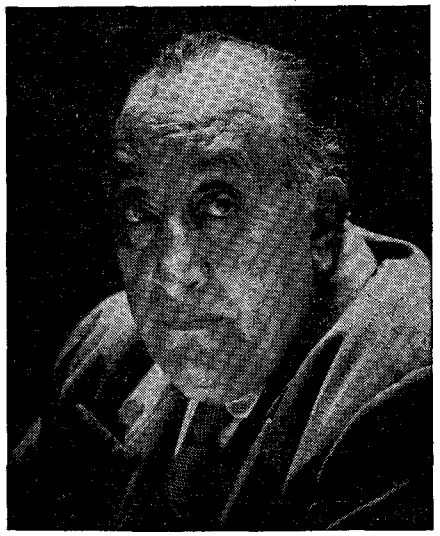
***El Señor Presidente,** by Miguel Angel Asturias, translated from the Spanish by Frances Partridge (Atheneum. 287 pp. $4.50), recasts into fictional form the author's experiences with the totalitarian Cabrera regime in Guatemala. Leonardo C. de Morelos, an associate professor of Spanish at Columbia University, wrote "Luís Gonzales Obregón, Chronicler of Mexico City."*

By LEONARDO C. DE MORELOS

WRITTEN in 1932 and first published in Spanish in 1946, *El Señor Presidente* depicts the asphyxiating and brutalizing atmosphere of the totalitarian state, where every man is governed by terror, intrigue, and violence. At the center of this repulsive web sits the puny but vindictive *Presidente,* himself ridden by fear, yet adroitly using for his purposes a loathsome congeries of venal judges, barbarous generals, prostitutes, double-crossing spies, and drunken soldiery. Under these circumstances all human values vanish, and nothing counts except the favor of the *Presidente.*

This book is a social and political document in fictional form rather than a conventional novel. What Miguel Angel Asturias has done is to recast artistically his own experiences with the Cabrera regime in Guatemala. The plot is quite sparse: a crippled idiot has unwittingly killed a favorite officer of the *Presidente,* and the latter immediately seizes this opportunity to eliminate a supposedly rival general whom he considers dangerous, thus precipitating a series of catastrophes that envelop everyone connected even distantly with the general.

Since the purpose of the author is to depict a social and political milieu, his characters lack full development. They are used as props and devices to introduce human elements into the scene. Angel Face, the main character and a toady to the *Presidente,* turns out inexplicably naïve in his efforts to save the general and his daughter Camila, an endeavor that ultimately carries him to destruction. Camila herself, with her idyllic and cloistered life suddenly torn apart by violence, remains quite unrevealed as a woman.



Miguel Angel Asturias—surrealistic.

ALTHOUGH the characters appear incomplete and almost lacking in motivation, Asturias has succeeded in endowing them with a subjective world paralleling conscious reality through his skilful use of imagery and surrealistic techniques, coupled with an alliterative and rhythmic prose. In the Spanish edition the precision of expression links this subjective realism with the outer world of action. In the English version the phrases are there, but the visions evoked are rarely supported verbally, as in the original. At times the unconscious world verges on chaos and its language on incoherence.

Although the translation conveys to a great extent the author's portrayal of misery, violence, and degradation, it unfortunately has a decidedly British flavor; it seems a bit odd, at least to me, to find a Guatemalan author writing like an Oxford don. Poet, novelist, and diplomat, Asturias is one of those Latin American writers who have paid dearly for their artistic integrity. After more than three decades of literary activity, he now lives in Argentina as an exile from his native land.

El Señor Presidente is certainly prescribed reading for anyone genuinely concerned with the present Latin American scene.

Pans Across the Sea: Kingsley Amis is at it again, and this time we are his victims: it is the American Affluent Society which he probes in *One Fat Englishman* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95), a trenchant if somewhat perfunctorily titled novel of a British publisher's adventures in America. It should be pointed out at the start, however, that the British themselves come off as badly as we do, because Amis is fully as interested in his fat, lecherous, greedy English hero as he is in us and our faults. (I see how the title works in, but still think he could have done better.)

The book is funny, but not overwhelmingly so. Its best spots have a curiously elusive fragrance. After considerable thought I am ready to identify Roger Micheldene, the book's hero, as the source of its comic uncertainties. It is he, I have already said, who is the focal point of the novel, and not America.

Amis is apparently still intent upon the soft life in England and its "I'm-All-Right-Jack" morality. Unfortunate-

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ly, America is not the best place to find the affluent British, nor perhaps the best place to put them; they don't make us look particularly bad, and we don't make them look good. The resulting plague-o'-both-your-houses tone that the book frequently sounds is not unsatisfactory *per se*; satirists often strike just such an attitude. There is, however, the danger specified by James Thurber in his fable *The Tiger Who Understood People*: "A draw is a very dull thing to watch, particularly when fought by fighters who are both big palookas."

To come back to Micheldene, he is very well turned out, a figure almost too fascinating to be funny. There is a decidedly nasty streak in him, and a bit of the pathetic, too: I should expect that readers will be more interested in psychoanalyzing him than in laughing at him. His aggressions and defenses are classically constructed: he has a thousand and one gambits for putting down impertinence, for demonstrating superior knowledge of tobacco, for getting the lion's share at dinner. His is no postwar breed; setting aside his overt interest in and pursuit of women, he might be the Grand Cham, Samuel Johnson himself.

As for our side of it, these are the set pieces on American life: the throughways, cocktail parties, sick novels, swimming pools. Amis even goes after American speech, but doesn't quite get it. Our women, for example, do not generally address their admirers as "old thing"; still less do our children request to go out to play in "the wood." Still, the British have descended considerably from the heights of Shaw and Chesterton, where we are made to punctuate every second phrase with "I guess." Ronald Firbank once had a Negro retainer speak of a pair of pants as "trews." We have risen, my friends.

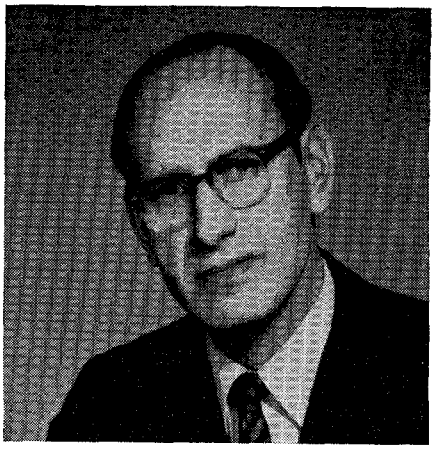
—CHARLES ALVA HOYT.

Coming March 14

Spring
and the
Traveler

SR's Seasonal Survey
for Wanderers

Changing Dimensions of Faith



W. Gunther Plaut—a record.

Ben Zion Bokser—a survey.

Judaism: Profile of a Faith, *by Ben Zion Bokser (Knopf. 294 pp. $5);* ***The Emergence of Conservative Judaism,*** *by Moshe Davis (Jewish Publication Society. 527 pp. $5.50);* ***The Rise of Reform Judaism,*** *by W. Gunther Plaut (World Union for Progressive Judaism. 288 pp. $6), and* ***Philosophies of Judaism,*** *by Julius Guttmann (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 464 pp. $7.50), all widely different in approach, show a common effort to treat their subject with objectivity. Roland B. Gittelsohn, rabbi of Temple Israel in Boston, wrote "Man's Best Hope."*

By ROLAND B. GITTELSOHN

AS RECENTLY as the middle years of the nineteenth century it was possible for Immanuel Wolf to complain that Jewish scholars had neglected the scientific study of Judaism, while Christian scholars had treated it only as a prelude to Christianity. The second half of his criticism is still too largely true; but the four volumes under review provide convincing evidence that the scientific study of Judaism by Jews themselves has reached encouraging maturity. Though greatly different from each other in purpose and approach, all four have been written by men who are both intellectually and emotionally committed to Judaism, yet attempt to view it with respectable objectivity.

Only Ben Zion Bokser's book purports to give a survey of Judaism in general. It offers a solid, readable, attractive overview of Jewish theological and ethical emphases. Perhaps its most notable contribution consists of dispelling two popular fallacies: that all religions after all teach pretty much the same values; and that Judaism—in contradistinction to Christianity—stresses the letter rather than the spirit of the law.

The uniqueness and spirituality of Judaism are spelled out specifically. Special attention is devoted to the teachings of the Jewish faith on the nature of man, on immortality, and on ethical responsibility. Rabbi Bokser makes it eloquently clear that for Judaism the doctrine of the messiah symbolizes a massive hope for the perfection of the world through human cooperation with the divine. For Christianity the messiah Jesus "offers men a way of escaping from the world." The difference is not blurred by preoccupation with apologetics: "The claim that salvation depends on the belief that Jesus himself is the messiah, is, from the point of view of Judaism, idolatrous and a digression from the larger goals to which the messianic hope summons us."

Similarly, the very real difference between the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sabbath is expounded with clarity. The former is meant to symbolize and celebrate the divine origin of the universe; the latter concentrates instead on the resurrection of Jesus. In these days of so much empty eloquence about the similarities between Judaism and Christianity, it is refreshing, even stimulating, to discover an honest, respectful confrontation. The careful reader of Bokser's commendable volume will appreciate the fact that, though Christianity in fact derives from Juda-

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ism, in many significant respects it also distorts Judaism.

Moshe Davis directs his attention not to the entire spectrum of Jewish thought but to a particular segment of it: the early history of Conservative Judaism in the United States. He begins with the antecedents of the Conservative movement—the sociological and theological beginnings of the American Jewish community, projected accurately and perceptively against the backdrop of the early American scene.

In the beginning there was neither Conservative nor Reform Judaism; there was only Judaism. The Jew in this nation had to face the same challenge confronted by his ancestors: how to adjust his heritage to the pressing demands of the future without either losing it or retreating into total isolation. If his struggle for adjustment here led to the formation of dissenting movements, rather than mildly differing schools of thought, this was because the degree of change required in the new world was greater than it had been in the past.

For thirty years, commencing about 1825, the attempt at adjustment was made largely by individuals, without benefit of either movement or label. Those who would later part company at first thought and worked closely together. One may wonder whether Dr. Davis is not guilty of oversimplification when he speculates that if Isaac Leeser and Isaac Mayer Wise "could have cooperated in later years as they had earlier, the institutional unity of Judaism in America might have been achieved." Yet the record, as it unfolds in these pages, certainly establishes the fact that what later emerged as two separate movements began as one effort, and that at times there seemed to be as many divergencies within each group as between them. It is entirely possible that slightly different decisions at several critical junctures—or perhaps just more placid temperaments—could have produced one modernist movement within American Judaism rather than two.

But the dynamics of life have long since made this a matter of academic speculation. Commencing with the Cleveland Assembly of 1855, and culminating in the Pittsburgh Platform of 1885, the die was cast. Those who persisted in faster and deeper adjustments created the Reform branch of Judaism; the more cautious innovators held back to form the Conservative movement. The latter tried first to work with the Reformers, then with the Orthodox; then, almost reluctantly, became a third trend. All, however, are variants of one essential faith.

Davis gives us this history in an interesting and generally accurate manner. Though he attempts as a Conservative Jew to be objective, there are scattered allusions that are less than fair to Reform Judaism. It is not true, for example, that Reform condemned the continuity of Jewish tradition, or that it accepted mixed marriages. Nor is it really sound to quote Isaac Mayer Wise in apparent disparagement of particular Jewish rituals when other sources could easily have been cited. But these are not the errors of ill-will, and it is to be hoped that in a second edition they will be corrected.

The inaccuracy of Davis's impression that Reform Judaism was careless of Jewish tradition is exposed in the volume by W. Gunther Plaut. The distinguished rabbi of Toronto's Holy Blossom Congregation summarizes as follows: "Reform was thoroughly Jewish. Its leaders were critical of certain traditional customs and concepts, but they were also Judaism's staunchest defenders and protagonists. Where today a polite silence makes inter-religious discussion nearly taboo, the Reformers confronted other religions squarely and found them wanting."

In like manner, the misconception that Reform was antagonistic toward ritual is here dispelled. Though there were significant differences of emphasis and conclusion among the Reformers themselves, the mainstream of their doctrine was anything but adverse to ritual. Every point made by Plaut can be substantiated with quotations from the early leaders of Reform. For his is a sourcebook, not historical treatment as such. His introductions to the various documents and sections are masterful summaries, but the record for the most part is permitted to speak for itself. The material covers the century from Moses Mendelssohn to 1871; a second volume, now in preparation, will bring the record up to date.

It is clear from the material gathered here that the kind of change recommended by Reform, far from being the rude intrusion into history it is sometimes accused of being, is indigenous to Judaism itself. Abraham Kohn, a Bohemian-born rabbi of the early nineteenth century who was poisoned by fanatics for his encouragement of such change, speaks well to the point: "It is probable that a history of religious ordinances would show that not a single command has remained unchanged in content and extent since the compilation of the Mishnah, to say nothing of former times."

If pressed to identify one innovation of Reform that departs most grossly from Jewish tradition, many non-Jews and Jews alike would point to the practice in Reform synagogues of praying with uncovered heads. Yet Dr. Plaut quotes an article by Leopold Low, a nineteenth-century Hungarian Rabbi, which demonstrates historically that in Talmudic as well as medieval times there were authentic, tradition-oriented Jews who worshipped without hats.

The distinction between Judaism and Christianity, noted earlier in our consideration of Bokser's book, is sharpened in a brief quotation on the Messiah from the pen of Leopold Stein: "In Christianity, the Redeemer becomes God; in Judaism, God becomes the Redeemer."

Perhaps the most ambitious of these four volumes is Julius Guttmann's monumental treatment of Jewish philosophy from the period of the Bible to the

(*Continued on page* 55)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Tell Nero that J. Wesley Smith wishes to see him about organizing a volunteer fire department."

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Dialogue with Deity

Letters to Malcolm: Chiefly on Prayer, *by C. S. Lewis (Harcourt, Brace & World. 124 pp. $3.50), contemplates "the happy twists and surprises" that are part of the dialogue between the human soul and God. Nathan A. Scott, Jr., professor of theology and literature at the University of Chicago, wrote "Modern Literature and the Religious Frontier," "Albert Camus," and a forthcoming study of Samuel Beckett.*

By NATHAN A. SCOTT, JR.

IN WHAT may well have been the last major piece of writing to come from his pen, the late C. S. Lewis has given us a beautifully executed and deeply moving little book on the subject of private prayer. It takes the form of a series of letters to a friend with whom, we gather, he had long observed the custom of carrying on a correspondence about a more or less set *agendum*. This may, of course, be merely a conceit or literary artifice; but the letters have the flavor of the real article. And not only will the reader suspend any skepticism about the genuineness of the epistolary form, but—what is far more important—he will, I wager, feel a kind of spiritual authenticity in this book far surpassing that which was often characteristic of Lewis's theological writing.

This distinguished don of Oxbridge doubtless captured a larger audience of literate and thoughtful people than any other expositor of the Christian faith has been able to win in our time. He was a wise and witty man, an immensely resourceful dialectician, and marvelously adept at bringing to a halt all secular evasion of religious reality. Yet the very urbanity of Lewis's style as a Christian apologist has at times suggested that his was a position somehow quite outside that deep perplexity that is inevitably a part of the experience of men attempting to make sense of human existence at once in terms of the Christian faith and in terms of a truly modern vision of reality.

What is so engaging in this last book is partly that it does not take its stand outside the modern unrest, and it is frivolousness far more than doubt that is here implied to be the opposite of faith. Indeed, the author of *Letters to Malcolm* is a man prepared to admit what few of us would not want to acknowledge, that most of the classic manuals on prayer, with their strongly conventual background, are not addressed to the condition of men and women like ourselves who dwell not in what is called "the interior life" but rather on the Emmaus Road.

So the kind of Christian sensibility speaking out in these letters proves its authenticity by the very degree to which it discloses how much petitionary and intercessory prayer, though remaining an ultimate necessity for the Christian, has at the same time become for him a very deep and difficult problem. And what is problematic in the sense of things expressed here is not so much the specific techniques of prayer as the location of that "pentecostal point" where any kind of prayer at all is possible. The idiom of these letters is, in other words, a thoroughly modern one.

But unlike some who are today attempting—in what they call this "post-Christian" time—to give us "the secular meaning of the Gospel" and a "religionless Christianity," C. S. Lewis was not prepared to dissolve the great realities of Christian faith into the maxims of moral allegory and ethical abstraction. We may stutter and stammer when we begin to try to conceptualize what is objectively going on in the dialogue between the human soul and God, but, as he reminds us, the great fact surely is that the dialogue persists and is "means of grace and hope of glory." So, for all of the modern perplexity that lies behind this little book, it does not itself undertake any kind of metaphysical inquiry but chooses rather simply to contemplate and to marvel at all the happy twists and surprises that are a part of the great Conversation to which man is called. And, apart from *The Screwtape Letters*, it may well prove to be the profoundest of C. S. Lewis's many essays in theological apologetic: it is, in any event, a fine capstone to this side of his literary career.

He Tried to Bring France to England

The Earlier Letters of John Stuart Mill, 1812-1848, *edited by Francis E. Mineka. Vols. XII and XIII of the Collected Works of John Stuart Mill. (University of Toronto Press. 784 pp. Both, $20), displays the astonishing productivity and versatility of one of the most brilliant nineteenth-century intellects. William Diebold, Jr., is director of economic studies for the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By WILLIAM DIEBOLD, JR.

MOST of us know that John Stuart Mill began to read Greek when he was three, but when did he begin to write? While these letters do not tell us, the first one gives some evidence: addressed most fittingly to Jeremy Bentham, it asks for the loan of "the third and fourth volumes of Hooke's Roman history." Before returning the first two volumes, says the six-year-old Mill, "I am recapitulating them." The admirable editor then quotes a passage from this recapitulation, in which Mill tries to determine why some authors refer to a certain Roman as "Publicola" while others call him "Poplicola." He finds only part of the answer, and we are left to wonder whether the sixty-four-year-old Bentham was able to explain the point.

Not surprisingly, the rest of these 700-odd pages lack the charm of the opening, but they have a number of good things: for instance, a first-hand account of the Revolution of 1830 in France; a description of Wordsworth that makes the poet sound most attractive and is notable for Mill's high estimate of his mind and judgment; a foreshadowing of future work in Mill's defense of women against Auguste Comte, who found them mentally, physically, and morally inferior. For more specialized tastes there are points on British radical politics, views on phrenology and related doctrines, and quite a lot of information on the problems and methods of editing reviews in early nineteenth-century England. And there are some interesting points on language: "Administration" has hardly been naturalized, says Mill in 1829; "*Standpunkt*, as the Germans call it," he writes in 1833 (though his father had written "standpoint" four years before, according to the Oxford English Dictionary);

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"Pretentious (if I may coin a word)" is a contribution from 1837, eight years Sovietologues interpreting the latest

The letters show how much Mill saw himself as an intellectual and literary bridge between France and England. Comte, Michelet, and Tocqueville were major correspondents. He tried, with only limited success, to get them and other French friends to write for English journals; he introduced French periodicals and writers to English acquaintances. He had good friends who were followers of St. Simon, and in some letters he explains the shifting fortunes of that sect in terms that remind one of our before the earliest use given by the OED. turns in the Kremlin. Often Mill wrote in French—clearly and correctly, if a bit stiffly—though he said he needed to make a draft and was sometimes too tired. While Carlyle sat in Craigenputtock preparing to write *The French Revolution*, Mill plied him with French books, a remarkable number of which he had read himself. He rewrote the end of his *Logic* to take account of some things Comte had published, and also raised money to help the French philosopher when he lost one of his jobs.

WHEN he tried to get Tocqueville to write for the *London Review*, Mill bracketed the United States with France as a country that Britain needed to understand. These letters show no great effort in this direction; at the request of a French friend Mill wrote to Carlyle introducing "an American named Emerson" who "appears to be a reader and professes to be an admirer of your writings . . . but from one or two conversations I have had with him, I do not think him a very hopeful subject." Carlyle thought otherwise. I noted only two letters to Americans—Henry Carey and the younger John Jay, both about political economy. There are passing references to slavery, the abuse of the freedom of the press, and Tocqueville's book, but the United States appears in these pages principally in connection with the damage to the Mill family fortunes resulting from the repudiation of American bonds, especially those of the state of Mississippi.

Canada fares rather better, partly because the revolts led by Papineau and Mackenzie raised problems of conscience, politics, and tactics for the English radicals.

Looking back on his life as an editor, Mill claimed only "one instance of brilliant success . . . I saved Lord Durham" (who would otherwise have been discredited before his report looking toward the unification of Canada came out). If that is so, it is particularly fitting that the preparation of this first col-

(*Continued on page 55*)

SR's Checklist of the Week's New Books

Art

ART NOUVEAU. By Robert Schmutzler. Abrams. $25.

THE AUDUBON FOLIO. By George Dock. Abrams. $25.

BASIC DRAWINGS: New Ways to See and Draw. By Raphael Ellender. Doubleday. $4.95.

CHAGALL. By Franz Meyer. Abrams. $35.

CORREGGIO. By Augusta Quintavalle. Abrams. $17.50.

HENRI ROUSSEAU. By Dora Vallier. Abrams. $25.

THE SCULPTURE OF KAREL APPEL. By Michele L. Straniero. Lippincott. $15.

Current Affairs

UNIONS IN EMERGING SOCIETIES: Frustration and Politics. By Sidney C. Sufrin. Syracuse Univ. Press. $4.50.

Crime, Suspense

THE CRIME OF COLIN WISE. By Michael Underwood. Doubleday. $3.50.

Fiction

AS I LAY DYING. By William Faulkner. Random House. $4.95. (New edition.)

A BANNER WITH A STRANGE DEVICE. By Arona McHugh. Doubleday. $6.95.

FOOL—BE STILL. By Fannie Hurst. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE FUGITIVE. By Pierre Gascar. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.

HISSING TALES. By Romain Gary. Harper & Row. $4.95.

THE ORDEAL OF MAJOR GRIGSBY. By John Sherlock. Morrow. $4.50.

SUMMER OF STONES. By Raoul C. Faure. Crown. $4.50.

History

AMERICA AND EUROPE IN THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF JOHN ADAMS. By Edward Handler. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.25.

THE BLACK SHIP. By Dudley Pope. Lippincott. $5.95.

REVOLUTION IN THE SKY: Those Fabulous Lockheeds, The Pilots Who Flew Them. By Richard Sanders Allen. Stephen Greene. $9.95.

A SOUTHERN PROPHECY: The Prosperity of the South Dependent Upon the Elevation of the Negro. By Lewis H. Blair. (Originally published 1889.) Edited by C. Vann Woodward. Little, Brown. $5.95.

SPAIN UNDER THE HABSBURGS. Volume I: Empire and Absolutism, 1516-1598. By John Lynch. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

TRACKS ACROSS THE SKY: The Story of the Pioneers of the U.S. Air Mail. By Page Shamburger. Lippincott. $4.95.

Literary Criticism

ASPECTS OF KIPLING'S ART. By C. A. Bodelsen. Barnes & Noble. $5.

SHAKESPEARE 400. Shakespeare Quarterly. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET ON WRITING. By George Abbe. Stephen Greene. $3.95.

Miscellany

THE ART OF FLOWER ARRANGEMENT. By Norman Edwards. Photographs by Alean and John Miller. Viking. $10.

FELTON'S CARRIAGES. Stephen Greene. $17.50.

GRAND MANNER COOKBOOK. By Oswell Blakeston. Stephen Greene. $3.50.

HISTORIC RACING CARS. By Laurence Pomeroy and George Oliver. Stephen Greene. $10.95 until May 31; $12.50 thereafter.

HISTORY OF CHESSMEN, By Emile Katz. Stephen Greene. $6.

OUR PRESIDENTS. By Richard Armour. Drawings by Leonard Everett Fisher. Norton. $3.50.

STATE BARGES OF THE THAMES. Text by Anne Petrides. Illustrations by Brian Allderidge. Stephen Greene. $19.50.

TRACTION ENGINES IN RETIREMENT. By G. J. Romanes. Stephen Greene. $15.50.

Music

THE WORLD OF MUSIC. By G. Wallace Woodworth. Harvard Univ. Press-Belknap. $4.75.

Personal History

FOCUS AND DIVERSIONS. By Lancelot L. Whyte. Braziller. $5.

IRAQ UNDER GENERAL NURI: My Recollections of Nuri al-Said, 1954-1958. By Waldemar J. Gallman. Johns Hopkins. $5.95.

Poetry

TO IRELAND, WITH LOVE. By Alice Boyd Stockdale. Doubleday. $2.95.

Religion, Philosophy

ARE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS THE ANSWER? Catholic Education in the Light of Council. By Mary Perkins Ryan. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.

CHRISTIAN UNITY AND RELIGION IN NEW ENGLAND. By Roland H. Bainton. Beacon. $6.

DOUBT'S BOUNDLESS SEA: Skepticism and Faith in the Renaissance. By Don Cameron Allen. Johns Hopkins. $5.95.

THE PATRIARCHS OF ISRAEL. By John Marshall Holt. Vanderbilt Univ. Press. $5.95.

Theater

THE DEPUTY. By Rolf Hochhuth. Grove. $5.95.

Travel

YOUR GUIDE TO 32 EUROPEAN CITIES. By J. H. N. Mason. Barnes & Noble. Paperback, 95¢.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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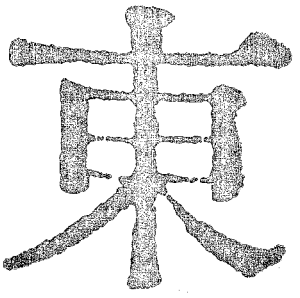
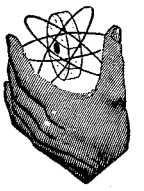


SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait XCIII • Science in Books • Letters to the Science Editor • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: The Real Beginning of Radio

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

Communist China:

WHAT SCIENCE WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT IT

THE people of China are the oldest people on planet earth. They have existed as a people for almost 4,000 years without interruption. They have recorded their affairs in the same characters-that-tell-a-story language for 3,000 years. Twenty-five hundred years ago they invented a form of bureaucracy to govern themselves, and they are still governed by it beneath the surface of ideological politics. For at least 2,000 years they have looked upon themselves as *the* civilization of the earth. The very name, China, means "middle kingdom," or, properly translated, the land at the center of all things. In the Chinese perspective of history, other peoples have been cultured peoples only insofar as the others have accommodated themselves to the Chinese way of life.

For centuries on end, this traditional Chinese attitude worked small effect on the planet's other inhabitants because the Chinese lived locked in by the vast land they occupy, sufficient unto themselves, the property-owning gentry and scholars in their walled towns, the peasants in their villages and flooded fields, far more concerned with the everyday behavior of the sun, the wind, the rain, and the local tax collector than with the occasional visitations of distant strangers among the human race.

Today, however, the Chinese are in continuous touch by radio with other peoples; the jet plane distance from neighbors is measurable in hours; and the Communist regime of Mao Tse-tung has mobilized this unique society —one full fifth of humanity—in what Columbia University Asian specialist Doak Barnett has called "probably the most impressive outburst of disciplined human activity ever witnessed."

Suddenly the ancient Chinese view of civilization, the Sinocentric world order, is a tangible force hammering at the shape of the future.

As one Western student of the Orient has put it, "We thought of the old China in terms of its ceramics; we think of the new China in terms of fear."

To the first glance of a naïve Western eye, mainland China looks primitive and vulnerable. Here are a billion people with a yearly income per head of $56, barely a fortieth part of the per capita income of the United States. But when the productive capacity of those billion Chinese is drawn together, Mao's domain counts sixth among the modern powers, outranked only by the U.S., the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Britain's United Kingdom, France, and West Germany. And except for the Russians to the north and west, neighbors subject to the thrust of Chinese expansion are all poor and weak.

THIS was the strategic balance that General Charles de Gaulle disturbed when, over the protests of the United States, he gave the prestige of French diplomatic recognition to Communist China. Following his action, President Mohammed Ayub Khan of Pakistan took the occasion of a visit from Chinese Communist Premier Chou En-lai to propose Pakistani mediation of differences between the Chinese Communists and the United States. Is this a tenable proposition? The established government on the China mainland continually agitates the mainland people to ferocious hatred of the United States, while a lack of information about China in this country blocks intelligent appraisal of the situation by Americans. It is plain that we must formulate some policy to cope with Mao. How can we calibrate our wishes with the facts about Communist China?

Fortunately, the intellectual terrain between Washington and Peking is, though rough and hostile, not entirely barren of routes of accessibility. One of these can be found in the *Saturday Review* issue of November 8, 1958, wherein the Canadian geophysicist Professor J. Tuzo Wilson described his trail of discovery of the state of science as far west in China as the walled city of Lanchow. The illumination that the professor's observations threw on the Chinese countryside encouraged the American Association for the Advancement of Science to summon a symposium on science in modern China.

In 1961, the papers written for that gathering were bound into a AAAS volume titled, *Sciences in Communist China.* The book whetted appetites for knowledge of modern China, and the National Science Foundation responded by subsidizing translations of otherwise inaccessible Chinese documents, publishing a report of its own on mainland China's manpower and educational policies, and supporting compilation at Massachusetts Institute of Technology of a guide to all known sources of data on Chinese science and technology. The MIT guide appeared in print just in time for General de Gaulle's early 1964 recognition of Mao to give the work immediate significance.

Prominent among contributors to the AAAS symposium on the physical and life sciences in China was a social scientist from Harvard, Professor John Lindbeck, associate director of East Asian studies there. He had a special interest in the methods by which men assemble the components of political power. Mao Tse-tung's methods of acquiring control over mainland China are still mysterious to the Western mind today. Five years ago this mystery was the subject of vio-

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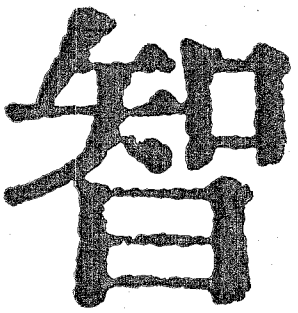
lent controversy. That Mao's type of Communistic organization differed from Russian Communistic organization or Yugoslavian Communistic organization seemed evident to all. Yet those who had tried to express the difference in terms familiar to American agrarian reform movements became lost in their own translations of Chinese intangibles and ended up accused of "selling out" capitalism to Mao.

Professor Lindbeck was intimately versed in these misunderstandings,



which actually began some time before the Communist takeover of China in 1949. He had dedicated himself to a continuing effort to cut through the semantic jungle. In 1948 he had joined some 250 other students of Asian affairs in forming the Far Eastern Association at Yale. He had remained active in that group after it broadened its scope by changing its name to the Association for Asian Studies (also incidentally expanding its membership to 2,000), and was sitting on its board of directors in 1958 when the board decided to convene a scholarly group to consider ways and means of speeding and expanding research on modern China.

For all his experience in the complexities of the situation surrounding the study of Mao, Professor Lindbeck was no more prepared than anyone else on the AAS board for what happened next. About thirty scholars assembled at Gould House on the Hudson, listened to a proposal for appointment of a special China committee inside AAS, and found themselves so bitterly split over the old "sell-out" accusations that a working committee under AAS aegis proved impractical. A subcommittee of two failed to discover a reasonable alternative, and the meeting broke up in confusion. At that point, the statesmanship of an esteemed expert on China, Harvard Professor John Fairbank, asserted itself. As chairman of the Gould House session and president of AAS, he appealed to the Social Science Research Council and the American Council of Learned Societies to share responsibility for the functioning of a Joint Committee on Contemporary China.

There was sound precedent for this experiment. A Joint Committee on Slavic Studies, created by SSRC and ACLS in 1948, had for a decade supervised the mapping of paths of information about the Soviet Union and its East European satellites. So thoroughly had the job been done that what first appeared as an impenetrable land could finally be read as an open book—a sometimes turgid and difficult book, but a book in the English language.

As a measure of diplomacy, Professor Fairbank accepted a place on the Joint Committee on Contemporary China. He stipulated, however, that it be simply an equal place with other committeemen: Professor Alexander Eckstein, of the University of Rochester; Professor Walter Galenson, of the University of California at Berkeley; Professor Norton S. Ginsburg, of the University of Chicago; Dr. A. N. Halpern, of the Rand Corporation; Dr. Philip E. Mosely, of the Council on Foreign Relations; Professor C. Martin Wilbur, of Columbia University, and Professor Hellmut Wilhelm, of the University of Washington. The chairmanship went to Professor George E. Taylor, of the University of Washington in Seattle, and the multitudinous chores of secretary were assigned to Professor Lindbeck.

Such events are seldom reported in the daily newspapers. Nor was this one. Five years afterward, most Americans still do not know that a Joint Committee on Contemporary China exists. Nevertheless, the committee's activities have fermented American thought so methodically that it is not unreasonable to anticipate an eventual parallel between its work and the moderating influence gradually wrought by the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies on the long cold war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Already interest in Communist China has been restored to respectability wherever scholars gather. It is possible now for professors to direct the attention of promising students to Chinese realities without being suspected of treason. Curious young people who can demonstrate the required qualifications can obtain grants of money from at least three privately endowed philanthropic foundations—Carnegie, Ford, and Rockefeller—to finance a year or so of digging into one or another of the myriad unknowns of the Communist Chinese society.

INCREDIBLY little is known, either about what has happened in China since 1949, how and why it happened, or about details of Chinese history for centuries preceding the Communist conquest. A definitive biography has not been done on Mao. A reliable account of the Communist movement is lacking. In recent years, some people seem to have felt that if the Chinese mainland were ignored, the Communists might go away. Studies of the past considered China as a whole phenomenon. The tools of modern scientific research are only beginning to apply quantitive measures to the old qualitative judgments, and yawning gaps in interpretation of data are being revealed. For example, it was previously taken for granted that precipitous fluctuations in population totals were due to flood, famine, pestilence, earthquake, and decimating civil war. As the laws of probability and comparative statistical analysis are invoked, however, the suspicion grows that many if not most of the supposed disasters actually were paper calamities, brought about by no worse misfortune than periodic breakdown of the census-taking machinery. Such other determining questions as these arise: When did the census-taker's mark tally "mouths" and when "doors"? When were lists of names the lists of all the citizenry, and when only of the taxpayers?

Puzzles instructive in the justification for present-day American attitudes toward Chinese Communism also await the alert questioner. Nationalization of socially vital commodities like salt and iron is an institution rooted deep in the government of ancient China. How different is Mao's practice, how much more a coercive imposition on the Chinese individual? The "right of rebellion" likewise is a very old aspect of Chinese political philosophy. What has it in common with the opening words of that fundamental American state paper, the Declaration of Independence?

This vast frontier of knowledge hedging the future of humanity is not only open to an infinite variety of approaches, but the exploring can be carried out on any one of three levels of exposure.

The level of ultimate scholarship entails personal scrutiny of the original sources by the scientist who signs the research report. When the documents are written in Chinese, this process demands an apprenticeship of at least three years of language learning. Instead of the twenty-six letters in the English alphabet, there are in Chinese words 214 "classifiers," one of which is sure to be found in any character in the language. And, as with the alphabet, that is only the beginning of reading. To be literate in Chinese, one must know the meanings of 3,000 different characters. To read a Chinese newspaper through, familiarity with 7,000 characters is required. A truly lettered person must be acquainted with a great many more of the 40,000 characters in the biggest Chinese dictionary.

Profound understanding between such widely divergent cultures as the American and Chinese probably can be achieved only through the mediation of

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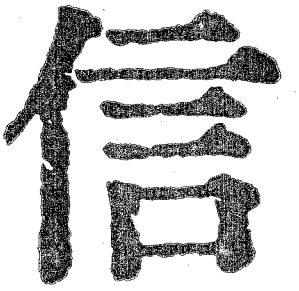
those few men and women whose patient dedication can encompass mastery of the Chinese language. For their convenience—if that is the proper descriptive—a guide to all known Chinese language sources of information about the social sciences and humanities (as well as glossaries and indexes of physical science and technology) has been prepared at the instigation of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China. The guide is scheduled for publication late this year or early next in Hong Kong (because the most reliable supply of a sufficiently large number of Chinese characters is available in type fonts there). The two authors of this massive handbook, Dr. Peter Berton of the University of Southern California and Dr. Eugene Wu, curator of the Far Eastern Collection at the Hoover Institution in Palo Alto, have been at work on the project for five years. They have filled some 900 pages with lists of bibliographies, yearbooks, directories, chronologies, laws, regulations, political manifestoes, journals, newspapers, dissertations, theses, and indexes of all sorts. Over half the sources so chronicled are in Chinese, another third in Japanese and English, the rest in Russian, French, German, Czech, Hungarian, Rumanian, Polish, Italian, and Portugese. The source materials themselves are scattered over most of the earth. In a foreword written by Professor Mary Wright of Yale and published in the current issue of *Social Science Research Council Items*, particular importance is accorded to catalogued material available in Taiwan, where the old Chinese archives were taken from the mainland before Communist hegemony was established, and in Japan, where observations of China go back far beyond the first days of Mao.

The scholar who reads Chinese may not be able to put his hands on everything listed in the Berton-Wu guide, for some of the entries are merely recordings of the existence of certain papers. But no one can be sure when stray copies of these rare documents may turn up outside the bounds of Mao's control. Already single volumes of professional journals whose regular circulation beyond mainland China was stopped by Communist order in 1959 have found their way into this or that foreign library or government office. Their whereabouts have been noted for the purpose of inter-library exchange, thus effectively accumulating as complete a series as though the original circulation had proceeded unbroken. As a further extension of this storehouse of supposedly inaccessible data, the Joint Committee on Contemporary China has arranged for the indexing of provincial and local Chinese newspapers collected by and now incongruously heaped in the Library of Congress.

All the original source documents mentioned above are open to a second level of penetration. Men and women of competence in particular disciplines of study may, without mastering the Chinese language themselves, employ research associates or assistants who are adept in Chinese. Recent growth of this practice has, in fact, multiplied the attack on ignorance of mainland China by discovering and freeing for productive intellectual pursuits many exiles from China who earned doctorates at home but had to accept obscure posts here because of the State Department's distrust of any Chinese with less than fifteen years' residence in this country. Scholarly interpretations built on translation-by-proxy are, of course, at the mercy of the translator's accuracy. But the theory is that shaky foundations will expose themselves when documentary footnotes are read and checked by the few who are able to both read and interpret the original sources.



The third level of exploration of Communist China is the least agreeable to traditional scholars but the most likely to affect popular opinion in time to have a bearing on current diplomacy. This approach is the wholesale translation into English of information about China originally written in Chinese and other languages. The method was first adopted by the federal government after Sputnik I startled Washington officialdom out of autumnal complacency in 1957. The Office of Technical Services was already operating in the Commerce Department under the able direction of Mr. John Green, distributing reports of unclassified American-government-sponsored scientific research to private industry and private individuals at cost. With the appearance of Sputnik I, calls came to Mr. Green for copies of reports on Soviet research. He was prepared to distribute them—if someone else would make them understandable by translating them. To provide the translations, a dozen Washington agencies together set up the U. S. Joint Publications Research Service under Mr. Thomas Williams. Mr. Williams farmed out the desired Russian documents to a corps of 700 to 800 freelance translators on a job-lot basis, mimeographed the result, and delivered the mimeographed sheets to his government clients. Mr. Green picked up one of each of these sheets and reproduced it in greater numbers for sale to a wider readership, in time making the English version of *Pravda* almost as well known to politically sophisticated people as the *New York Times*.

The success of the Russian translation program led the National Science Foundation to seek a comparable system for distribution of Chinese documents in a form understandable to Americans. And one of the earliest actions taken by the Joint Committee on Contemporary China (through its initial secretary, Professor Lindbeck, and Mr. Bryce Wood, Social Science Research Council staffer assigned to handle administrative detail for him) was to obtain NSF help in funneling 15,000 sheets of current information about China into each of sixty university libraries over a period of a year. After that, the libraries themselves picked up the tab, and the demand for English translations of Chinese papers is now at such a level that any ordinary citizen willing to pay a penny a sheet six months in advance can get the latest news on mainland China almost as fast as the Central Intelligence Agency gets it.

The ready availability of such information adds a new dimension to the study of China for students who hesitate to invest three years of their lives in learning Chinese before reasonable career hopes in the field can be estimated. The Joint Committee on Contemporary China has offered an even greater convenience to uncertain young people by publishing a bibliography of all U. S. Joint Publications Research Service reports on China issued in English between 1957 and mid-1960. The Joint Committee has also sponsored a second bibliography of Chinese materials in English, this one concerned exclusively with economics and covering the years 1949 to 1963.

The explosion of information about Communist China has been accompanied by explosive growth of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China, which has given birth to a daughter committee on Chinese economics and a subcommittee on research in Chinese society while at the same time extending the field of its own work backward from 1949 to 1900 and outward from China itself to Chinese relations with Russia, Korea, India, Europe, and Latin America.

Columbia Professor Doak Barnett, incumbent chairman of the Joint Com-

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English translations of Chinese characters used in the page design of this report are: page 43, "East;" page 44, "wisdom;" page 45, "faithfulness."

mittee, began studying China in China before Mao seized power. He summarizes the change that has taken place in China studies during the last five years by saying simply: "The whole movement is entirely different now."

It is difficult to locate a precinct of Communist Chinese thought that is not at least being peeked into. The influence of Buddhism. The effect on mainland China of learned Chinese abroad. The self-image of Chinese youth at home. Social strata. Deviant behavior. Dynamics of local and regional government. Mobilization of unemployed labor. Politics of economic planning. Transportation networks and their relation to the location of cities. Price structure. Taxes. Budget. Foreign trade. Farm and factory output. Status of the textile, coal, iron and steel industries. Modifications of traditional Chinese philosophy. Labor incentives. The role of comrade's courts in settling factory disputes. Property law. Family law. A dictionary of legal terms with which to trace radical changes in government documents. A dictionary of mathematics. Urban expansion. Banking. Key personalities of modern China: their values and motivations.

YET all these are fragments. What a stranger needs most of all is a map. That is as true of China as it is anywhere else. Professor Hsieh Chiao-min of Catholic University is making a set of maps of modern China. He hopes they will be finished in two or three years. But valuable as they will be, the atlas containing them will be printed in two-dimensional black-and-white. A considerably more comprehensive document would be most desirable, for the whole story of China is not told in any such precise and graphic form in any language—not even in Chinese.

Late in the month of March 1964, the Association of American Geographers will meet at the University of Syracuse to consider the next steps in development of a four-color atlas of 100 maps, intended to picture everything meaningful to Chinese life and to reflect major changes in that life during the last 150 years. The proposal is not new. Professors Rhoads Murphey and John C. Sherman, of the University of Washington in Seattle, started working on it with some graduate students in 1960. In October 1961, they asked the National Science Foundation for $80,000 to complete the job, and were turned down. In March 1962 they applied to the Office of Naval Research, and were again refused. No one seems to understand why, unless the prospectus failed to make clear how immense a research investment goes into a good map.

The two rejections have not discouraged Professor Norton Ginsburg of the University of Chicago, who succeeded Professor Lindbeck as secretary of the Joint Committee on Contemporary China for several years. On his initiative, the Association of American Geographers appointed a Committee on Chinese Geographical Literature, and this committee has thrown its weight behind an enlarged version of the Murphey-Sherman atlas of China.

Nothing quite like this suggested book of maps has ever been put together before. For example, the general population density will be charted as usual, but in addition the maps will show all settled places of 20,000 or more inhabitants from the 1953 census onward. Natural resources, industrial complexes, and hydro-electric power installations will be marked to reflect regional potentialities. Historical maps will recall political, military, and economic events; they will identify treaty ports and spheres of foreign influence of the past; they will tell the extent of major rebellions of the 19th century, China's important foreign wars, areas of foreign penetration, the birth of the Chinese Republic, the Nationalist revolution, the Communist revolution. There will be other maps of the great regions of China, the geology, the land drainage, the ground water supply, types of soil, winter and summer temperatures and winds and rainfall, the growing seasons, vegetation and animals, the boundaries of human diseases, the areas of frequent natural disasters, the domains of the war lords. There will be the customary maps of waterways, railways, highways, and airways, and less customary maps of inheritance systems, marriage systems, systems of law, systems of landholding and land settlement, even culture systems running backwards from the present into the pre-history of the archeologists.

SURELY this proposed new atlas of China is the ultimate practical expression of the ideal Dr. Pendleton Herring had in mind in writing one of his reports as president of the Social Science Research Council:

"When an adjustment of differences cannot be reached on the basis of good will or traditionally shared values, relevant facts and objective analyses must enter so that rational rather than capricious and arbitrary solutions may be sought."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCIII

A MACRO-MICRO MAN

Professor Herbert Anderson

—CHICAGO

THE first time the "cat burglar" broke into Professor Herbert Anderson's home in Hyde Park, near the University of Chicago campus, he took a pocketbook in which the professor's wife, Jean, had put her house key. On the next visit, the "cat" used the key from the pocketbook to open the front door, and left the house with a suit of the professor's clothes. The third time the "cat" called he called at night, wearing the jacket of the professor's suit and using the house key so deftly that he reached the hall leading to the professor's bedroom door before being noticed. At that point Mrs. Anderson heard a noise, looked into the hall and saw someone who was obviously not her sleeping husband. She jumped out of bed, ran into the hall, took the burglar by surprise, and chased him down the stairs. As he headed for the front door and freedom, she grabbed the tail of her husband's stolen jacket and pulled. The jacket tightened on its wearer, pinning the "cat's" arms in the sleeves and throwing him. Mrs. Anderson heaved herself on top of his prostrate body and sat there.

The commotion wakened Professor Anderson, who hurried downstairs and joined his wife on top of the struggling burglar. Richard Lundy, a physics student living with the Andersons at the time, came out of his room and made it three on the "cat." The Andersons' daughter Faith telephoned the police while her three siblings—Clifton, Kelley and Dana—applauded the performance from gallery seats at the top of the stairs.

When the police removed a knife from one of the "cat's" pockets, Mrs. Anderson said she was scared. And she may have been. Nevertheless, when three young hoodlums in the neighborhood some time later attacked her in an attempt to steal her pocketbook, she fought them off.

Still later, after a bicycle belonging to one of the Anderson children had been

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appropriated by another youngster known to the family, Professor Anderson and his wife went alone into a slum for a friendly discussion of the incident with the culprit's parents.

If asked, Professor Anderson will confirm these episodes but will not moralize about them. He has chosen to live near the campus of the school with which he is associated, and to participate actively in the great racial harmony experiment being conducted there. He must accept the consequences, the dangers along with the satisfactions. He knows that the crime rate in Hyde Park is still too high, but remembers how much higher it was before the Hyde Park urban renewal project began under University of Chicago leadership. He recognizes that slum conditions everywhere demand a degree of basic research in the social sciences far beyond anything yet tried.

The accelerating urban crisis is more excruciating to him than it is to many men because the professor's position of authority and responsibility at the Enrico Fermi Institute for Nuclear Studies immerses him in the continuing struggle for research funds derived from public tax monies. The competition between one scientific discipline and another is fierce, and growing fiercer by the day. In his own field of study, atom smashers are necessary to explore the mysteries of the atomic nucleus. Building and maintenance of these enormous instruments costs billions of dollars. But defense of democracy may depend on the knowledge of nature uncovered by these incredibly expensive tools. At what point should spending for democracy's survival stop in order to permit more spending for nourishment of democracy in practice?

PROFESSOR Anderson has risked his life in both directions. By continuing to reside where he does, he holds his physical comfort always in some jeopardy. His search for understanding of the atom likewise has been hazardous. For years he has turned back the ravages of beryllium poisoning through treatment with cortisone at Billings Memorial Hospital on the University campus. He makes a joke of the fact that he consumes more cortisone than any other man alive.

Professor Anderson is a genuinely historical figure. Without him, the dawn of the atom age might have occurred at a later time and at a different place on the horizon. He was one of the first Americans to hear the news of the fissioning of uranium (by word of mouth from Niels Bohr, who had heard it from Germany). Enrico Fermi had just arrived at Columbia University in New York City, an exile from Mussolini's fascism in Italy. As an "enemy alien," Fermi had no access to facilities with which he might apply his theoretical knowledge of the German discovery. Although only an unknown graduate student from the Bronx, Anderson did have a facility of precisely the type that would be most useful to Fermi. This was the cyclotron Anderson had built for Columbia physics Professor John Dunning. Anderson suggested to Fermi that Fermi's brain and Anderson's hands together might make a valuable contribution to nuclear science, and Fermi gladly accepted.

—Corona studio

Prof. Herbert Anderson

Taking an instrument of Anderson's design, and hitching it onto the cyclotron, Fermi not only confirmed the fission achieved by Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassman in Berlin but demonstrated that freed neutrons might enable a chain process of producing nuclear power.

When the time came to build the first atomic furnace, Fermi wanted to make the attempt in New York. A National Academy of Sciences committee headed by Dr. Arthur Compton decided that whoever built the furnace would do so in Chicago. Being young and eager to see the world, Anderson came to Chicago and encouraged Fermi to come, too. Toward the close of 1942 the trip paid off.

"For me the eventful day began at midnight December 1," Anderson wrote later, "I was the straw boss of the building of the pile [of interlaced uranium and graphite]. My job was to build the pile layer by layer and see to it that the graphite and uranium were put on in their proper places. . . . On this day our measurement showed that the pile would reach criticality [be ready to work] at the fifty-sixth layer. . . . One more layer, the fifty-seventh, and the job would be done. I could send the crew home and survey our completed handiwork."

It is curious that this man who did so much to facilitate the exercise of Fermi's genius has never been given material recognition by the Atomic Energy Commission. A payment of $20,000 (what a piddling sum alongside the spectacular present day atomic power investment!) has been requested but never awarded.

If Professor Anderson were less modest than he is, it might be easier to appraise the long-term significance of an experiment in which he is now engaged —for the execution of which he recently resigned the directorship of the Fermi Institute. My own layman's guess is that it will speed up atom-smashing research of all kinds and perhaps lay the foundation for more rapid development of simplified nuclear theory.

At the time when Fermi and Anderson worked together, the result of any given experiment always was known by nightfall of the day the experiment took place. Fermi simply didn't go home until he knew the answer. It was therefore easy to plan the next day's experiments on the basis of that day's results.

SINCE then, however, the nucleus of the atom has become progressively more difficult to understand. Almost a hundred different particles have been identified in it, tentatively grouped in octets. The natures and energies of these fragments make them difficult to trace. To permit them to be trailed accurately, they are shot through chambers filled with bubbles. The tracks left in the bubbles are photographed. Thousands of photographs are taken. Their analysis may occupy a year or more before the result of an experiment can be known. Until that result is known, related experiments must be haphazard.

To speed the process of identifying the nuclear particles, a new detector called a spark chamber has been invented. In this device the passing fragments leave a trail of sparks which can be timed very accurately. This means that only certain fragments may be watched for, while others are ignored. The experiment time is thus reduced. Professor Anderson proposes to reduce it even further by training TV cameras on the spark chamber. The distances of the sparks from the edges of the TV screen are measured electronically, the measurements are read directly into a high speed computer, and the computer gives the result of the experiment within the hour.

Being dedicated to her husband's happiness, Mrs. Anderson—a former airline hostess who met her handsome spouse at a tea party at Fermi's house in Chicago—undoubtedly knows all about this latest project, which is related to the enormous ZGS instrument at Argonne National Laboratory of the Atomic Energy Commission. She might be forgiven a request for a TV detector that would watch for stray "cats" around the house. —WILL JONATHAN.

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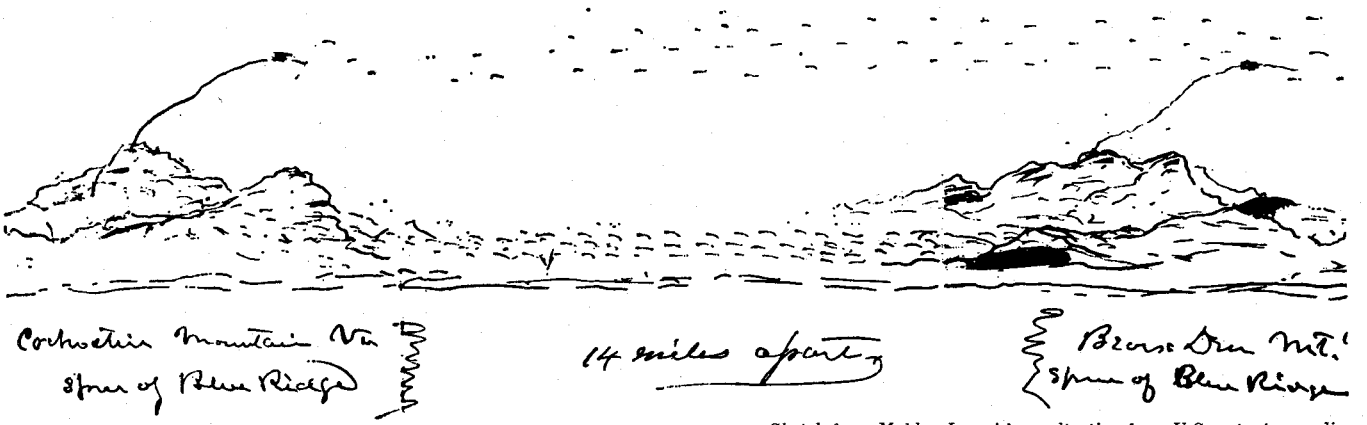

Sketch from Mahlon Loomis's application for a U.S. patent on radio.

THE REAL BEGINNING OF RADIO

The Neglected Story of Mahlon Loomis

By OTIS B. YOUNG

"SO VERY difficult is it to trace and find out the truth of anything by history," said Plutarch, and perhaps the case of an obscure American dentist named Mahlon Loomis lends substance to Plutarch's wisdom. For there is an increasing amount of evidence that the first wireless messages were sent by Loomis and not by Guglielmo Marconi, the man historians say invented radio.

I became interested in Loomis while teaching a course in radio in the 1930s. Since then I have spent as much time in the study of Loomis's life as I have been able to spare from my teaching and other duties as director of atomic and capacitor research at Southern Illinois University. In addition to records of his work which I found in the Library of Congress, I obtained much supporting data through correspondence with surviving members of the Loomis family and other persons acquainted with Loomis's ideas. My findings were reported at the 1963 spring meeting of the Illinois Academy of Sciences.

These, I am convinced, are the facts:

Mahlon Loomis was born in Oppenheim, Fulton County, New York, on July 21, 1826. As a youth he moved with his family to Virginia and later went to Ohio to study dentistry. Family records indicate he practiced his profession in Ohio, Virginia, and various other places before moving to Washington, D.C. As might be expected, Loomis first notable accomplishment in the world of invention was a kaolin process for making false teeth, which he patented in 1854.

But then he turned his attention to electricity, especially as related to communication. In a notebook dated February 20, 1864, now in the Library of Congress, Loomis wrote the following:

"I have been for years trying to study out a process by which telegraphic communications may be made across the ocean without any wires, and also from point to point on the earth, dispensing with wires.

". . . In 1858, August 15, I wrote a little paper which I will transcribe here: —I believe as soon as something can be found to bear the same relation to the earth that a wire does, a telegraphic communication can be made without a wire. What relation does a wire bear to the earth? That is a question to be settled, and one which I must write more about another time; but it serves to conduct a distinct portion of fluid from point to point."

It should be remembered that in Loomis's day electrical science was in its infancy, and a scientific jargon in the field was undeveloped. Was the persistent inventor's use of the term "fluid" meant to convey a conception of the high-frequency currents that made radio successful? He also used the word "pulsations." The lack of a recognized electrical parlance available to him perhaps makes it difficult to interpret properly some of Loomis's notes, but his basic idea of wireless communication is indisputable. He was convinced that static electricity in the atmosphere could be harnessed as a source of never-ending power, making it possible to dispense with costly batteries in telegraphy, and he was successful in experimenting with such electricity.

Loomis himself described in the flowing penmanship of his day the experiment on which his claim to lasting recognition is staked. His report is contained in another notebook, also in the Library of Congress. The experiment was conducted in October, 1866. Among those present were U.S. Senator Samuel C. Pomeroy of Kansas and U.S. Representative John A. Bingham of Ohio, both of whom were later to support Loomis's work on the floor of Congress. In Loomis's own words:

"FROM two mountain peaks of the Blue Ridge in Virginia which are only about two thousand feet above tide water [in an accompanying sketch, reproduced above, he identifies the peaks as Cohocton Mountain and Beorse Deer Mountain, now known as Catochin Ridge and Bear's Den, in Loudoun County, Virginia], two kites were let up—one from each summit—eighteen or twenty miles apart. These kites had each a small piece of fine copper wire gauze about fifteen inches square attached to their under side and connected also with the wire six hundred feet in length which held the kites when they were up. The day was clear and cool in the month of October with breeze enough to hold the kites firmly at anchor when they were flown. Good connection was made with the ground by laying in a wet place a coil of wire one end of which was secured to the binding post of a galvanometer [an instrument sensitive to passage of an electric current]. The equipments and apparatus at both stations were exactly alike. The time pieces of both parties having been set exactly alike, it was arranged that at precisely

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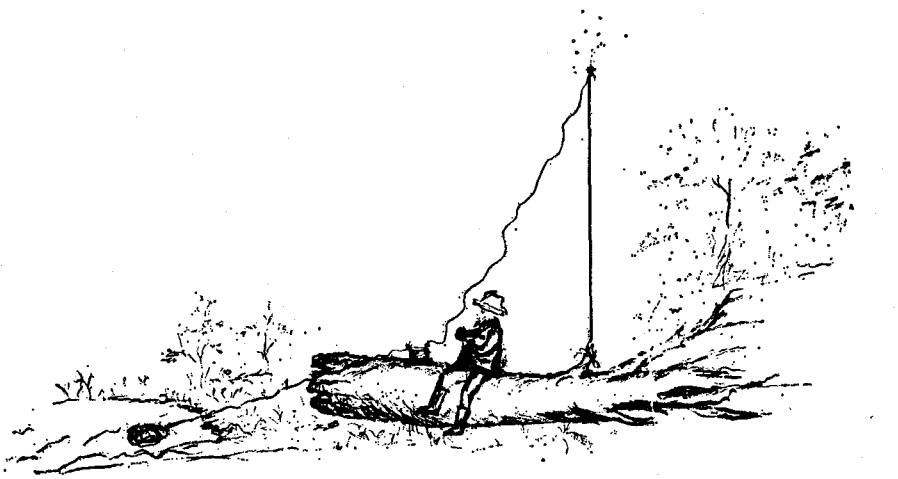
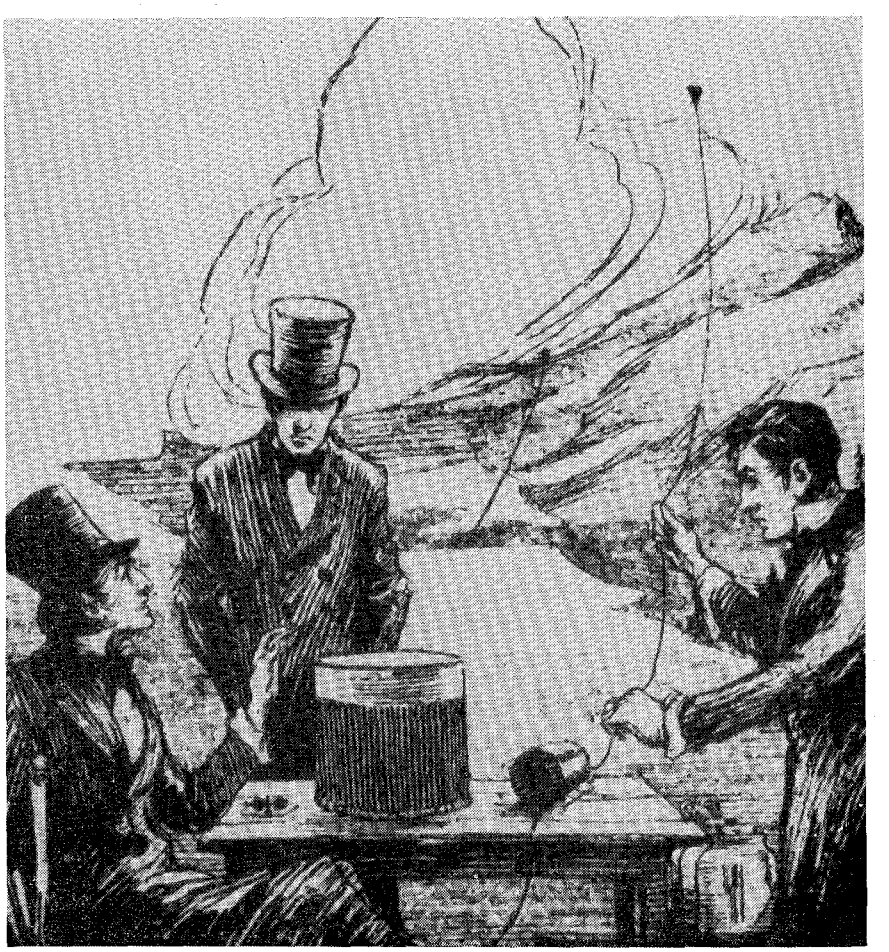
such an hour and minute the galvanometer at one station should be attached, or be in circuit with the ground and kite wires. At the opposite station the ground wire being already fast to the galvanometer, three separate and deliberate half-minute connections were made with the kite wire and instruments. This deflected, or moved, the needle at the other station with the same vigor and precision as if it had been attached to an ordinary battery. After a lapse of five minutes, as previously arranged, the same performance was repeated with the same result until the third time. Then fifteen minutes precisely were allowed to elapse, during which time the instrument at the first station was put in circuit with both wires while the opposite one was detached from its upper wire, thus reversing the arrangements at each station. At the expiration of the fifteen minutes the message or signals came in to the initial station, a perfect duplicate of those sent from it, as by previous arrangement. And although no 'transmitting key' was made use of nor any 'sounder' key to voice the messages, yet they were just as precise and distinct as any that ever sped over a wire. A solemn feeling seemed to be impressed upon those who witnessed the performance as if some grave mystery hovered there around that simple scene, notwithstanding the results were confidently expected, although the experiment had been continued for nearly two days before the line would 'work.'"

LOOMIS'S experiment was a simple one, by modern standards. But it is the first known instance of wireless aerial communication. Dr. Robert H. Marriott, first president of the Institute of Radio Engineers, in an article published in *Radio Broadcast* in December, 1925, wrote, "The arrangement as described by Loomis has worked for me many times." *Radio Communications Pamphlet No. 40*, U.S. Signal Corps, edition of May 24, 1921, prepared by the Bureau of Standards, shows on page 420 a diagram of a galvanometer connected in series with an elevated antenna and the earth as "the simplest apparatus for reception of radio waves," and states that the arrangement "will operate on either damped or undamped waves." The system diagrammed is the same as that used by Loomis in 1866, eight years before Marconi was born, and almost a quarter of a century before Edward Branley gave the world the coherer [an instrument which passes electricity in one direction more readily than in the opposite way] and paved the way for Marconi's successful experiments.

Following his initial success, Loomis continued to work with his discovery. Various reports indicate he erected permanent steel antennae and continued his wireless operations for months at a time. He devoted the last twenty years of his life to attempts to develop his new-found method of communication, but never obtained supporting funds. His case became a source of conflict in the Congress when Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts introduced a bill in January, 1869, to appropriate $50,000 to support Loomis's work. Two years later, with this bill still tied up in committee, Representative John A. Bingham introduced a measure in the House to incorporate the Loomis Aerial Telegraph Company with the right to sell stock up to $2,000,000, but with no ap-



Sketch above, drawn by Mahlon Loomis to support his applications for a U.S. Patent, departs slightly from his textual description of his radio apparatus. Here kite is plainly tethered to notch on log, while separate wire dangles loosely from kite to a recording instrument on log. Instrument is grounded in pool of water. Operator checks his watch and the radio instrument simultaneously to confirm the messages. According to Mahlon's textual description of his invention, kite was moored with the same wire that carried the signals. Finished artist's sketch below shows this double function being performed in an experiment.



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propriation by Congress. This bill finally was passed in January 1873, and signed by President Grant. Meantime, on July 20, 1872, Mahlon Loomis received a United States patent, Letters Patent No. 129,971, titled "Improvement in Telegraphing," on his wireless system.

In 1868, a group of Boston promoters had agreed to finance Loomis's work, but they were ruined in the "Black Friday" financial panic the following year and the inventor never received the promised funds. In 1871, a group of Chicago financiers offered $20,000 to support a project Loomis hoped to undertake with wireless stations in the Rocky Mountains. But the promoters were burned out in the great Chicago fire which struck that October, and again Loomis had lost promised support. The Congressional action was his last hope, and it must have been bitterly heartbreaking to find there were no buyers of Loomis Aerial Telegraph Company stock in that dark financial period.

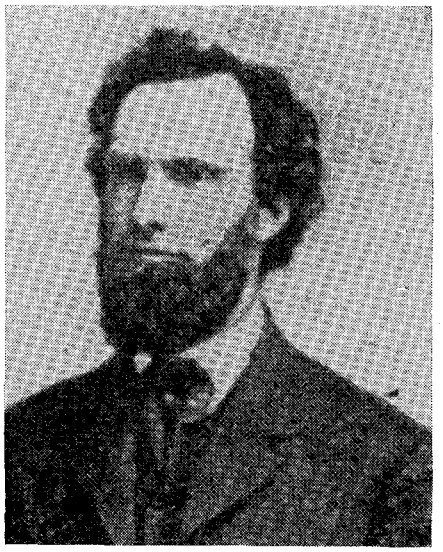
Mahlon Loomis died in 1886, without seeing the development of his discovery which was so near. Perhaps his contribution was best characterized by Senator Sumner, who said in presenting his Loomis appropriation bill on the floor of Congress, "It is certainly a great case of moonshine, or it marks a great epoch in the progress of invention." To me, the choice is clear:

► Mahlon Loomis did perform an experiment in which intelligible aerial messages were sent fourteen miles in October 1866. So far as has been determined, this was the first time such an experiment was performed. His experiment was carefully planned, and results were predicted in accordance with discoveries he had made earlier. He antedated the work of other claimants by at least twenty years in the case of Marconi and, in the case of Alexander Popov, recognized by the Soviet Union as the inventor of radio, by nearly thirty years.

► Using a dictionary definition of the term "invention," Mahlon Loomis was the inventor of radio, and is entitled to recognition as such. No such claim is made for any person before Loomis. His original experiment has been repeated many times in relatively recent years by highly authoritative persons. It is successful beyond doubt, and can be performed again easily. Marconi did far more than any other person to develop radio, and deserves his place in history—but for developing radio and not inventing it. That honor rightfully belongs to Mahlon Loomis.

► With the 100th anniversary of Loomis's discovery approaching, it would be appropriate for America to plan some form of recognition. Meanwhile, every effort should be made to uncover any additional information.

On October 7, 1914, the Loomis Institute at Windsor, Conn., was dedicated in the name of Joseph Loomis, Mahlon Loomis's ancestor and founder of the Loomis family in America. In a dedicatory address, Dr. Elisha S. Loomis, the family historian, said, "While we admit that Marconi put wireless telegraphy upon a business footing, we claim that, had Congress supported Dr. Mahlon Loomis when he appealed to it for financial aid, these United States could now claim the honor of this world-famous discovery, for the system of Dr. Loomis involves every principle claimed to be of more recent discovery."



Mahlon Loomis

But perhaps an American newspaper at the time Congress was debating the subject offered the most ironic prophecy of all: "We hope that American pride will not suffer it [the Loomis invention] to pass out of our hands and the credit and honor to be reaped by others."

SCIENCE IN BOOKS

OH, MISTER PRESIDENT!

A New Chore for the White House

IT should be recognized, openly and explicitly, that the President of the United States has special responsibility for upper-level career employees [of the federal government]. Employees in the lower echelons, because of their numbers and the availability to them of union representation, will rarely fail to receive sympathetic attention from Congress. The facts of political life make it unlikely that Congress will demonstrate in legislation a similar concern for the upper echelons unless their needs receive strong support from the President. One would think that a simple Executive branch would cause the President to give high priority to this matter. However, in the past, Presidential support has been sporadic and too often given simply in response to impending concern for the effectiveness of the crises or glaring inequities. When the Chief Executive fails to assume special responsibility for comprehensive planning and continuous strong support of measures designed to enhance the welfare, quality, and performance of upper-level career employees, it is an abdication of a major Presidential responsibility and should be regarded as such.

Despite occasional skirmishes with dishonesty in the federal civilian service —which are all the more newsworthy because of their infrequent occurrence in an organization involving so many people and so much power and money —there can be little question that in the eyes of the public the battle for probity in the service has been won. Now a new challenge has been posed by the impact of social and technological change on the breadth, complexity, and importance of the national government's operations and on the nature of the duties and responsibilities required of its civilian employees.

THIS means that we must find ways of achieving a new and better balance in the personnel regulations that are designed to insure honesty and equity, for among them are certain restrictive rules that unduly hamper the kinds of autonomy, personal growth, creativity, and innovation for which there is now a critical and growing need. Judicious relaxation of such restrictive regulations, particularly at the upper levels of employment, are required to meet this need. This, of course, would mean greater opportunity for employees to make mistakes and to be dishonest, but

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it is a price we can and must afford. In a sense, the present high regard for the honesty of the civil servant is "money in the bank," part of which may be used as "risk capital" in a badly needed enterprise. It also would mean that civil servants themselves must, to an increasing degree, develop and maintain norms of excellence and integrity.

CERTAINLY, however, we cannot abandon the independent regulatory function as carried out by the United States Civil Service Commission. The worth of the function and the continuing need for it have been amply demonstrated. But we must take a very hard and critical look at the present arrangement which places in the hands of the CSC both the regulatory function and the major responsibility for government-wide stimulation of new and postive personnel philosophies and practices. The two functions are seldom complementary—and in fact are antagonistic—both in their operational aspects and in the outlook they require of those who administer them. Furthermore, it is difficult for the people who must deal with the CSC to give full appreciation and weight to its positive functions. Its historical regulatory mission, as well as its continuing regulatory responsibilities, are bound to condition their view, and, in many cases, causes them to adopt a questioning or suspicious attitude. Finally, there is the very important question of whether leadership in personnel matters, which is an important executive function, ought not to be in the office of the Chief Executive, rather than in the hands of a so-called independent agency.

However, as the other part of the picture, we must state our conviction that the Civil Service Commission has been and is providing positive leadership; that marked progress has been made in salary reform, recruitment procedures, information programs, education and training, research, and other areas. Sometimes an incongruous institutional arrangement works well when its positions of leadership are held by far-sighted and able people. We cannot recommend a change in institutional structure and responsibilities at this time.

Instead, the positive role of the CSC should be recognized and encouraged by all concerned. Needed legislation, funds, executive orders, and Presidential support should be provided. In addition, it would help if agency managers and personnel directors would take a more positive approach to personnel matters and not try to perform, through anticipation and caution, so much of the CSC's regulatory job. We feel that the Commissioners would welcome being challenged more often in the interests of meeting agency and individual needs. Continuous (sensible) challenge aids the Commission in clearing up misunderstandings, making known available alternative procedures, and learning about needed changes in regulations and procedures.

GIVEN the proper support, it is possible that the Civil Service Commission will continue for some years to perform well in stimulating positive civilian personnel reform. However, the organizational and attitudinal handicaps are such that the eventual need for institutional reform seems inevitable. We feel that the President should keep a watchful eye on the CSC's progress, and have a prepared plan available for bringing directly under the Chief Executive the leadership function in positive personnel administration, for use if and when such a step becomes necessary.

F. P. KILPATRICK,
MILTON C. CUMMINGS, JR.,
and M. KENT JENNINGS
in *The Image of the Federal Service*
(Brookings Institution, $5.)

"It says, 'Turn Back—Take Route 35 to Oakhurst—
Then follow Monmouth Road to Allenhurst . . .'"

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Some Misplaced Bricks

YOUR STORY on "Bricks without Straw Bosses" [*SR*, Feb. 1] captured the attention of this development straw boss. We thought it very well done. However, tinting of the picture on page 46 may be misleading. Only the brick panel suspended by the crane should have appeared in color. The main body of the United Fund building in Denver, shown in the picture, was not made of bricks put together with our polymer. The panels were used only in the penthouse—as your caption on the following page makes clear.

ALBERT A. HILL,
Dow Chemical Co.
Midland, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Hill is no straw boss but a lively promoter of new construction materials. A key official in Dow's plastic development and service group, he did not deserve the boo-boo described in his letter.*

On Moon Racing

WHILE PLEASED with your general treatment of my article on the planet, Mercury [*SR*, Feb. 1], I am somewhat distressed by the implications of the editorial introductory paragraph with the heading "Where Is Science Taking Us?" John Glenn is identified as one of a group of "hurriers" who urged breakneck speed to get to the moon by 1970. His resignation from NASA is considered a strong suggestion that the case for urgency in the moon program has been lost.

There is a strong implication in the referenced paragraph that *SR*, and perhaps D. M. Cole as well, believes that a slowdown is advisable. Since I am one of the group of "hurriers" and have been since 1945, I protest the latter implication. At the least, I feel uncomfortable in such close association with such an attitude.

The case for urgency is based on the competition with Russia for prestige and space supremacy.

DANDRIDGE M. COLE.
Bryn Athyn, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor does believe, and has so stated here, that racing to reach the moon by 1970 is an unjustified waste of the people's money. However, he did not attribute such an opinion to Dr. Cole.*

Fluoride Debate (Continued)

YOUR ARTICLE on fluoridation in the January 4 issue of *Saturday Review* has come to my attention. I note that you make reference to me as one of several people who reviewed the paper by Marier, Rose, and Boulet. I fear that a possible inference could be drawn that I agree with your stand on fluoridation, and that I approved of all the recommendations and conclusions drawn by Marier, Rose, and Boulet. I would like it to be known that I disagree with your stand on fluoridation. My interpretation of the N.R.C. article is

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that it does not indicate in any way that fluoridation of water supplies according to accepted recommendations constitutes a hazard to health. I would like it understood that I was asked to criticize the paper by Marier, Rose, and Boulet prior to its publication. They made some changes in accord with the criticism. I did not see the paper after my criticism and prior to publication. I agree that the paper merited publication. I do not agree with *all* the conclusions, recommendations, or inferences contained therein.

I firmly believe that fluoride in the water in the recommended concentration of one part per million is of considerable benefit and does not constitute a hazard to health. It is possible that additional research, as recommended by Marier *et al.*, will show that benefits other than prevention of dental caries may accrue from its use.

B. B. Migicovsky,
Chief, Biochemistry,
Animal Research Institute,
Canada Dept. of Agriculture.
Ottawa, Canada

Editor's note: *In publishing this clarification of Dr. Migicovsky's views, SR's science editor reminds his readers of what was originally written here about the paper prepared by Mr. John Marier and Drs. Dyson Rose and Marcel Boulet of the National Research Council of Canada: "The three NRCC scientists never raised their voices. Indeed, they took no position on fluoridation of water one way or another. They simply recited from the existing literature on fluoride (seventy-one different research papers and books are listed by name and date as their sources) to bring out the pattern of their thought, and then asked questions."*

Since Drs. Fredrick Stare and James Shaw [*SR*, Feb. 1] have referred to the Bartlett-Cameron study of fluoridated water in Texas to substantiate their contention that consumption of fluoridated water has harmed no one, they should be invited to explain, in your columns, the curious matter of the mortality figures obtained in this study. I refer to "Medical Aspects of Excessive Fluoride in a Water Supply," by N. C. Leone, *et al.*, which appeared in *Public Health Reports*, Vol. 69, No. 10, October, 1954, pp. 925-936.

Guy Mussen.
Westmount, Que.

Doctors Stare and Shaw pass over the Bartlett-Cameron study too lightly. Possibly they have read only the shorter version published in the *J.A.D.A.* March 1955. A much more detailed report is to be found in *Public Health Reports*, October 1954. The most arresting finding was 14 deaths out of 116 studied in the high fluoride area, with 4 deaths out of 121 studied in the low fluoride area. If all persons who would have been 65 in 1953 at the end of the study are excluded, the deaths are 5 out of 86 in the high fluoride area, 1 out of 102 in the low fluoride area.

Is this difference due to fluoride? The only honest answer is—no one knows. In the light of modern knowledge of the effect of fluoride on enzymes, it may be. More knowledge is urgently needed.

James W. Lassiter, M.D.
Austin, Texas.

You have already devoted a great deal of space to correspondence concerning John Lear's articles on fluoridation. I have as yet, however, seen no comment on one matter that disturbs me very much.

I am inclined to disagree with Mr. Lear's conclusions. But his articles have seemed to me to be honest attempts to raise questions that deserve serious consideration. I can find in them none of the irresponsible sensationalism of which he has been accused by so many of our correspondents. And I am astounded and appalled by the kind of response those articles have elicited from the doctors and dentists whose letters appear in your columns. These cool assessors of scientific fact, on whose judgment we are asked to rely, present us with highly emotional letters displaying an astonishing disregard of logic. Instead of persuading me that the doctors are, as I had long assumed, right, it makes me wonder, rather, if they are not perhaps wrong after all.

I have always suspected that emotional arguments indicated uncertainty on the part of the arguer. The vitriolic and personal attacks on Mr. Lear make me wonder whether his scientific attackers are as sound and as objective as they would have us believe. They sound far too much like the usual howls of the orthodox when attacked by the heretic. John Lear's articles would not make me vote against fluoridation. But I am inclined to do so on the basis of the irrational replies to those articles.

Richard Haven.
Amherst, Mass.

I am tired of the "fluoride issue"—not because it isn't a valid issue—but because I am tired of hearing unsubstantiated opinion, both pro and con. I am particularly tired of the individual who loudly espouses a magazine open to honest comment and opinion but then cancels his subscription because *SR*'s editors present opinions and/or data contrary to his views.

I am delighted with *SR*'s February 15 editorial on fluoridation. It is a powerful statement for moderation and has convinced me, who earlier was gently "pro-fluoridation," that additional data are needed. . . . If "scientific" data are available they will stand up under public scrutiny.

L. Rosenberg.
Roosevelt, N.J.

Fluoridation News Items

THREE statements originating in recent weeks from the offices of the American Dental Association seem worth passing on to readers of *Saturday Review*.

The first was in the form of a press release. It attacked the science editor of *SR* for his two reports on the fluoridation of public drinking water. The press release said that his questioning of the safety of fluoridated water had been based *on one scientific paper. SR's science editor has already conceded that he was remiss* in not stating the extent of his reading in the first place. Actually, a score of published scientific papers support his questioning attitude.

The second ADA statement was also a press release. It called attention to an editorial which appeared in the *New England Journal of Medicine* many months ago. The editorial discussed certain research on fluoride and then hinted at the possibility that addition of fluoride to drinking water might strengthen the bones of older people as well as enable the teeth of young people to resist decay. The ADA press release did not make note of the fact that after the *New England Journal of Medicine* published this editorial the *Journal* printed a letter from Dr. J. R. Shapiro of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases—which, being an agency of the U.S. Public Health Service, can hardly be charged with anti-fluoridation bias—warning that the conclusion stated in the editorial "is largely unsupported by available data. It appears that therapy with fluoride in patients with various bone diseases is experimental at present and should be regarded with the same caution given other experimental therapeutic programs."

The third ADA statement appeared in the *ADA Newsletter*. This item said that "the ADA Council on Dental Health at a recent meeting urged that in addition to fluoridation of community water supplies, all other sources of drinking water, including bottled water supplies, should be fluoridated." The Council was quoted as stating:

"Fluoridation of community water supplies has been shown to be an effective and practical procedure for preventing dental caries and should be adopted by every community. The addition of fluorides to bottled water should be carried out in accordance with the standards established by appropriate state and local health agencies."

If this proposal of the ADA Council on Dental Health should be carried out, only those people who draw drinking water from wells on their own private property would have a choice of whether to drink or not to drink fluoridated water. Everyone else would be forced to drink it, whether they wanted to or not, whether they were willing to pay to escape the risks they foresee, or whether their personal physicians would prescribe water free of fluoride.

—J.L.

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YOUR ARTICLE on "The Real Danger in Fluoridated Water" saddens this chemist and teacher, for it proclaims loudly a lack of critical and informed thinking in a position which should (and often does) give positive help to the non-technical layman.

A detailed criticism of the article would have to be longer than the article itself, for a careless or irresponsible sentence can merely be contradicted, not refuted by a sentence of equal length. Further, experience has shown that antifluoridationists are quite unreceptive to discussions of the weaknesses of their arguments, so this letter is chiefly a mere protest against the tone and content of your article.

I object to your view that "adults, who make up three-fourths of the populace, receive no benefit from fluoridated water," because it shortsightedly neglects to realize that all too soon the adult population will be entirely composed of those who are small children today. Since fluoridation is of permanent value in reducing the decay of teeth, it is truly a health measure for the entire community.

RICHARD W. RAMETTE,
Chairman,
Department of Chemistry,
Carleton College.
Northfield, Minn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Children do grow into adults but the table below indicates that as the years pass the amount of decay in fluoridated and non-fluoridated teeth tends to equalize. Except for the slanted lines, the columns in this table are as they appeared on page 655 of* United States Public Health Report *No. 71, 1956. Grand Rapids, Michigan, had been linked with Muskegon, Michigan, in one of the three comparative community experiments on which the United States Public Health Service based its decision to recommend fluoridation of public drinking water throughout the United States.*

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Decayed - Missing - Filled Teeth per child
Before and after 10 years fluoridation

Age	1934	1944
6	0.19	0.76
7	0.89	1.89
8	1.27	2.95
9	1.97	3.90
10	2.34	4.92
11	2.98	6.41
12	3.87	8.07
13	5.05	9.73
14	6.78	10.95
15	8.07	12.48
16	9.95	13.50

Official P.H.S. Data (Publ. Health Rep. 71:655, 1956

ON COMPARING the article on fluoride in the Jan. 4 *Saturday Review* with *Lancet* for August 20, 1960, there is a very significant misquotation. *Lancet* stated that new growths (*i.e.*, cancer) accounted for 2.4 per cent and 28.8 per cent of deaths in Utah County and Colorado Springs. It did not state "cancer of the stomach."

Furthermore, you fail to distinguish between normal mineralization of bone which fluoride may enhance, bone of increased solubility (*i.e.*, osteoporosis) which might be due to a fluoride lack, and the two reported cases of possible chronic fluoride intoxication.

Your work on the "Welch" problem has given your voice a great deal of authority and I think that in the case where emotions are high and where you will be quoted as an authority, you owe the public some further information.

I would in your position feel that the least to be done would be to track down the references in *Lancet* (*Journal of Industrial Hygiene and Toxicology*:31,134, 1949) and evaluate the primary sources of the information. In addition I would feel obligated to quote the conclusions given in the *Lancet*: "It is inevitable that the fluoride is incorporated in the chemical composition of living organisms, including the human organism. Even if it were not involved usefully in certain processes of the living organism, the certainty of its presence within the organism establishes the fact that fluoride is . . . part of the internal environment of the human organism. It cannot in this relationship be in itself harmful. In appropriate concentrations it enters into specific reactions which are beneficial."

FRANK A. WALKER, M.D.
Madison, Wis.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Lancet's exact words on the point were: "New growths, in particular gastric carcinomas, are reported to be commoner in the areas where the water is naturally fluoridated." Carcinomas are cancers. Webster's International Dictionary defines the word "gastric" as meaning "of, pertaining to, or situated near, the stomach." SR's report on fluoridation quoted Lancet as saying "The precise significance of these figures is uncertain because of the lack of information about a host of modifying factors." The quote cited by Dr. Walker was from an American lab which omits mention of critical research from its bibliography on fluoridation.*

I WISH someone would do research on what a combination of strontium 90 and sodium fluoride would bring about, in terms of body chemistry, as it may be ingested from the public water supply.

MRS. JOSE CASANOVA.
Hamden, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"The Biological Hazards of Strontium 90 and Fluoridation" were discussed in the February 1958 issue of Dental Digest by James G. Kerwin, D.D.S., of the Passaic, N.J., Department of Health. "For obvious reasons," Dr. Kerwin wrote, "it is necessary for the body to be able to get rid of any radioactive strontium as quickly as possible. Under normal circumstances the body does this, but only at a slow rate. If, however, fluoride has been consumed, for example, from artificially fluoridated drinking water, then the strontium 90 and the fluoride may precipitate as the highly insoluble Sr90F2 within the body. This means that the rate at which the strontium 90 is excreted or thrown off will be even slower than ordinarily occurs." An editorial in the same issue of Dental Digest said, "This theory requires careful and urgent evaluation. . . . Neither science nor mankind is served if we turn our eyes from opinions that may be contrary to the ones we hold. . . ."*

THE ULTIMATE objective of your efforts should be to get Congressional hearings started on the use of public funds for all this fluoridation promotional work by the U.S. Public Health Service. Also the suppression and influencing of reports of fluoridation research and why all out efforts are not being made to learn more about the side effects of fluorides on the body. I believe Public Health teams are abroad putting the pressure on for fluoridation in other countries. The extent and nature of this should be investigated.

GEORGE L. SLATE,
Professor of Pomology,
New York State
Agricultural Experimental Station.
Geneva, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *U.S. Representative Walter Baring, of Nevada, has proposed such an investigation. U.S. Representative Ralph Rivers of Alaska has supported his proposal.*

READ BY ONE who has had the opportunity to do research in the field of calcified tissues, I find that your article "Documenting the Case Against Fluoridation" [*SR*, Jan. 4] contains at least one major inaccuracy which would serve to mislead the uninformed reader.

I say this with no animosity, but rather with a great deal of surprise that the science editor of a national magazine would allow the results of research on fluoride in tooth enamel to become distorted.

I refer to the "conclusive proof" turned up by Messrs. Marier, Rose, and Boulet that fluoride confers its beneficial effect on tooth enamel from the outside (p. 91). Reference to the original work by Brudevold and Steadman shows that over half of the total fluoride content of the surface enamel (outer layer) occurs before the teeth have erupted. See *Annals of the New York Academy of Sciences*, "Metabolism of the Oral Tissues" p. 115, vol. 85. Since before eruption the teeth are surrounded by body fluids, *i.e.* plasma, the fluoride could only come from the blood stream. Your statements ignore the fact that at the time of eruption the tooth crown is almost completely calcified. The conclusion that the *same* effect (as obtained by fluoridation of public water supplies) could be obtained by the use of an aqueous fluoride rinse is certainly open to question. Recent studies of the mechanism of dental caries have shown that mouth acids often penetrate the surface layer and demineralize the underlying enamel first. Thus it would appear important that these inner portions be as well fortified as possible. All evidence to date shows that the deep layers of enamel in erupted teeth take up fluoride very slowly, even over periods of *thousands* of years (*op. cit.* 1.115, table I).

WILLIAM H. EMERSON, D.M.D.,
Asst. Prof. of Dental Science,
Tufts University.
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Others have questioned the Marier-Dyson-Boulet interpretation of how fluoride's effect on tooth enamel occurs. For an elaboration of the thought of one such, see the Research Frontier, next page.*

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Chris's Studio

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

Many dentists and physicians are concerned about the answer to this question as it regards fluoridation of public drinking water. They deplore lacunae which are plainly visible in research on the effects of fluoride. Why, for example, should there be any doubt about the manner in which fluoride acts on teeth? Yet there is considerable controversy over whether the effect is achieved by contact with the exterior of the enamel, as was suggested by three Canadian scientists in SR/Research for January 1964, or by systemic entry through the blood stream. The latter alternative has been insisted upon by several writers of pro-fluoridation letters to SR. Its fundamental significance is discussed below by a 1940 graduate of Northwestern University Medical School who interned at Cook County Hospital in Chicago and specialized in orthopedic surgery at Tulane before entering practice in Oregon.

BY ROY E. HANFORD, M.D.
Orthopedic Surgeon, Roseburg, Oregon

WHAT are mottled teeth?

At the turn of the century, Dr. J. M. Eager, a young American naval surgeon, observed and described them at Naples, Italy. About the same time a young dentist, Dr. Frederick McKay, after taking his dental training in Philadelphia, decided to practice in Colorado and there encountered and described them.

Through persistent research by Dr. McKay, the advent of the spectroscope for microchemistry, and the technical abilities of chemist H. V. Churchill of the Aluminum Company of America, fluorine was identified in 1929 as the cause of mottled teeth.

Simultaneously, without knowledge of the work of those researchers, two brilliant Arizona chemists, Howard Smith and Margaret Smith, using the reverse method of synthesis, produced mottled teeth by feeding fluoride to rats.

An objective description of mottled teeth shows the basic unit—the mottle—to be a chalky deposit on the surface of the enamel. If this mottle falls out, through the attrition of many washings of saliva and the mastication of food, a pit is left. When the mottling is severe, there is a brownish discoloration.

But how are the mottles formed?

Are they the result of a local chemical reaction?

Mottles have not been described following application of very strong fluoride solutions to children in dental chairs. Nor are mottles described in experiments with mouth washes containing the fluoride ion.

Are mottled teeth perhaps due to a disturbance in vital function during the formation of the teeth?

Could they, therefore, represent evidence of systemic fluorine intoxication?

First let us define systemic toxicity as injury to one or more of the body's cells by an agent gaining access to the systemic circulation by absorption through the intestines or the skin or the lungs or parenteral (via the doctor's needle) administration.

Next let us consider some hard facts acceptable to all doctors, dentists, and scientists concerned with fluoridation:

1. The cells which form the enamel of the teeth, the ameloblasts, are a thin microscopic layer on the surface of the enamel. They are worn away almost immediately after the teeth erupt from the gums.

2. For practical purposes, the first nine years of life is the time when the permanent teeth lie buried beneath the gums, excluded from any local effect of fluorides.

3. Disregarding the very short interval after the teeth erupt with the enamel already formed, this is the only time the enamel has cells.

4. The first nine years of life is the only time that children consuming fluoridated water develop mottled teeth. Mottled teeth do not occur in those who begin drinking fluoridated water later in life.

5. Six to ten percent of children drinking the so-called absolutely safe concentration of fluoridated water (1 part per million) have very slightly mottled teeth.

6. The fluoride ion—in contrast to the choride ion—is antienzymatic, blocking chemical reactions in the body.

In the foregoing six established facts, we have very strong circumstantial evidence of systemic toxicity of the so-called absolutely safe concentrate of fluoridated water. What is needed is pathological confirmation.

I have asked appropriate persons in the American Medical Association what is the pathogenesis (mode of formation) of mottled teeth. At first I was told that the answer was not believed to be available, and that the question would be discussed at a meeting of the AMA Committee on Environmental Health on February 1, 1964. After the meeting I received advice that the AMA still supports fluoridation. Accompanying this news came a memo from the American Dental Association which answered my question only to the extent of saying that mottled teeth are a result of malfunctioning ameloblasts.

How is the malfunction produced?

I find this slight clarification on page 609 of *Robbins Textbook of Pathology* (Saunders, 1962):

"MOTTLED ENAMEL (FLUOROSIS). This is a specific type of enamel hypoplasia caused by ingestion of fluorine. It occurs endemically in areas with fluorine-containing water supplies, and the incidence and severity of the mottling correspond to the fluorine content. . . . *Defective calcification and structure revealed microscopically accounts for the spotted, chalky white appearance of the affected enamel which undergoes secondary brownish discoloration.* Degenerative changes in the ameloblasts induced by the systemic effect of the ingested fluorine are responsible. . . ."

Degenerative changes due to the systemic effect are not simple chemical phenomena. A group of ameloblasts, not as strong as the rest or by the laws of chance situated to bear the brunt of absorption of fluoride ions, are, after a certain critical level of antienzymatic activity *laying down incomplete biological and chemical products in a disorderly fashion* to produce the future mottle.

We know that when a certain gray-blue halo is seen on the gums, we are dealing with systemic lead poisoning. There is little doubt in my mind that mottled teeth are evidence of mild systemic fluorine poisoning.

Fluoridation research really belongs on an interdisciplinary frontier of basic science: a meeting place for chemists, biochemists, embryologists, histologists, physiologists, toxicologists, and pathologists.

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A Faith

Continued from page 40

present, now available for the first time in English.

It is Julius Guttmann's contention that philosophy as such is not indigenous to Judaism, that "the history of Jewish philosophy is a history of the successive absorptions of foreign ideas which were then transformed and adapted according to specific Jewish points of view." In the Biblical and Talmudic periods it was largely Hellenistic thinking to which Jewish philosophy became a kind of adaptive reflection; in the medieval centuries Islamic thought was the goad. The author is less clear in identifying the specific challenges that have motivated modern Jewish philosophy.

It would be an error, however, to assume that because it has been influenced largely from without, Jewish philosophy has been imitative. What was true of the Biblical myths so often borrowed from other cultures has been equally true of philosophy; before Judaism had finished with the borrowed thought or tale, it had transformed it into something quite different from its former self. And the new emphasis—both in Bible and in speculative thought—was more often than not on a strong moral component missing from the original.

To this reviewer there is something bordering on the tortuous in Guttmann's insistence that his concern is not with Jewish philosophy but rather with the philosophy of Judaism. Implicit for him in the distinction is that Judaism is a given datum, precedent to philosophizing and in a sense immune from substantial change as a consequence of the encounter. I would question whether Judaism was ever thus separated from current trends of thought or whether it can be today. Perhaps the original title, *Die Philosophie des Judentums*, was more accurate than the English *Philosophies of Judaism*.

It may also be that this is the source of a certain technical narrowness which from time to time manifests itself in Guttmann's discourse. It is hard to believe, for example, that either Maimonides or Gersonides (both quoted in this book) could have agreed with such a statement as: "Genuine Judaism felt, long before it was able to give scientific expression to its feeling, that the scientific validation of the Jewish religion involved a profound transformation of its religious contents." Alexander Kohut, quoted in Davis's volume, comes much closer to the spirit of "genuine Judaism" when he observes that "a religion which cannot bear the light of science or must first soften the light through all kinds of lenses is to be classed with the dead . . . Fortunately, the Mosaic religion does not belong to religions that fear the light."

A similar discomfort afflicts me when I confront Guttmann's gratuitous use of the adverb when describing how Maimonides *"unconscionably* weakened" the supernatural quality of miracles and prophesy as they are related in the Bible, and when I observe the harshness with which Spinoza is rejected as a spokesman of Judaism. To profess that Spinoza stands in the main tradition of Jewish thought would be silly; but is he really so irredeemably removed from it as to justify the accusation that "his philosophy stands in profound opposition to the Jewish religion" and "his influence was exclusively beyond the boundaries of the world of Judaism"? The excommunication of Spinoza, in and of itself a mutant in the pattern of Jewish life, was undoubtedly due more to psychological and sociological fears than to theological differences.

Finally, one might have wished for more adequate treatment of the modern period. Even allowing for the fact that the original was completed in 1933, was there no opportunity before the author's death in 1950 to include at least something about the substantial Jewish thought of men like Achad Ha-am, Leo Baeck, Mordecai Kaplan, and Martin Buber?

John Stuart Mill

Continued from page 42

lected edition of Mill's works should be the responsibility of the University of Toronto. Professor Francis Mineka of Cornell has set a high standard of editing for the volumes to follow. Many of the letters have been published before, but there are important additions. Much of the collecting was done by Professor Friedrich A. Hayek, who tells in an interesting introduction how the tenacity and eccentricity of Mill's stepdaughter and literary executor, the decline in interest in Mill, and finally the bombing of London caused the loss and destruction of large numbers of Mill's letters and other papers.

Enough remains to make one marvel at the industry and productivity of Mill and other nineteenth-century figures. Along with the letters went a large number of long articles for reviews, and much lesser journalism as well. Mill also edited journals, in his own name and through front men. By the time he was forty-two, when this collection ends, he had published two of his major works, *A System of Logic* and *Principles of Political Economy*. Meanwhile, he had a good, steady job with the East India Company, which sometimes hampered his activities but had its perquisites as well. He must have managed to do a good deal of writing on company time.

Your Literary I. Q.

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Occasionally a work of imaginative literature takes its title from the vocation, avocation, or obsession of its principal character. Here are twenty such titles. R. B. Stone of Brunswick, Maine, asks you to match them with the correct authors in Column Two. Answers on page 56.

1. *The Alchemist*	( ) Charlotte Brontë
2. *The Antiquary*	( ) Joseph Conrad
3. *The Confidence Man*	( ) James Fenimore Cooper
4. *The Critic*	( ) Charles Dickens
5. *The Dynamiter*	( ) William S. Gilbert
6. *The Highwayman*	( ) Zane Grey
7. *The Ironmaster*	( ) Charles Hawtrey
8. *The Lamplighter*	( ) Henrik Ibsen
9. *The Magistrate*	( ) Ben Jonson
10. *The Master Builder*	( ) Leonid Leonov
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12. *The Pilot*	( ) Herman Melville
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14. *The Private Secretary*	( ) Alfred Noyes
15. *The Professor*	( ) Georges Ohnet
16. *The Secret Agent*	( ) Arthur W. Pinero
17. *The Shortstop*	( ) Walter Scott
18. *The Sorcerer*	( ) Richard Brinsley Sheridan
19. *The Thief*	( ) Robert Louis Stevenson
20. *The Warden*	( ) Anthony Trollope

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Editorial

Continued from page 21

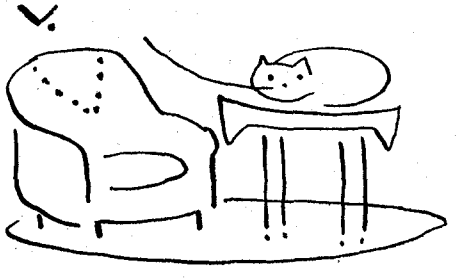
It would make me very happy if she could come."

Don Pablo said that the annual music festivals play a big part in his life. The festival at Prades associated with his name has given him great satisfaction, and he intends to keep it up as long as he can. He said he was also pleased with the way the Marlboro music festival in Vermont has been developing.

"I was thrilled to meet so many fine young musicians and work with them," he said.

Don Pablo said that the United States has the greatest symphony orchestras in the world—notably the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic, the Cleveland Orchestra, and the Chicago Symphony. But they could be even greater if they didn't try to cover so much ground.

"I think the orchestras in the United States put on too many concerts, try for



too much variety, and work their musicians too hard. There really isn't enough time to do the really superb work that these excellent musicians are capable of doing."

The conversation veered back to world affairs.

"I have always had hope," he said. "But now my hope seems on firmer ground than it has been for many years. I think the men at the head of the nations have an awareness that all things are different in a nuclear age and there is no choice but to keep the atomic buttons under control. This is not enough, of course. Many things have to be done before there is true peace. But at least I have the feeling that we are moving toward it. We are moving slowly, but we are moving.

"I expect some of these hopes to come true. Perhaps this is not too much for a man of eighty-seven to look forward to." —N.C.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 15, 16, 12, 8, 18, 17, 14, 10, 1, 19, 13, 3, 11, 6, 7, 9, 2, 4, 5, 20.

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For Sale

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(Continued on page 60)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 59)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1561

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The "Common" now a residential London suburb, but once the haunt of highwaymen such as Dick Turpin.	34 98 142 80 39 5 167 133
B. Describing a road over which a horseman might make his way.	94 87 77 154 25 24 138
C. Bring into proper relations.	57 120 47 175 83 164
D. Period devoted to "memories and sighs" which Landor consecrated to Rose Aylmer (2 wds.).	119 12 95 69 173 4 145
E. Doxology recited in the synagogue at the close of prayers.	29 163 65 85 15 43 137
F. Impregnated with salts of iron.	110 2 139 11 107 91 123 60 38 127
G. A certain valuable food abundant in our Great Lakes.	86 111 62 151 3 7 113 176 102
H. Great German-Swiss Zwinglian theologian, physician, natural philosopher, for whom was named the doctrine of state supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs (1524-83).	40 166 130 148 72 81 16
I. Following *The*, a famous play in the Twenties whose "angel" kept it going for a long run by giving away the tickets.	114 118 74 55 108 105
J. What many an adventurer or deep-sea diver hopes to find (2 wds.).	115 90 150 44 21 54 104 58 121 158
K. Educator, author, playwright from New Orleans (1852-1929).	37 71 125 53 122 30 112 82
L. The American dogtooth violet (comp.).	13 31 68 162 153 101 1 168 155 56 18 73
M. Battiest; balmiest (slang).	67 93 132 136 22 50 20 143
N. What Milton's "Servant of God" singly "maintained against revolted *multitudes*" (3 wds.).	160 96 48 79 152 144 169 157 14 32 106 171
O. Went astray.	52 116 70 131 128 8 97 19 146
P. The way of the temporizer (2 wds.).	9 78 156 41 23 26 174 124 165 170 141
Q. Game of forfeits played by two people who have shared twin kernels of a nut.	33 89 10 75 36 129 172 100 66
R. Affirmed or averred positively or earnestly.	109 17 135 46 59 103 161 28 177 84 6
S. Damage.	147 61 92 42 45 76
T. Amer. painter of the murals in Chicago's Blackstone Memorial Library (1861-1927).	140 35 99 49 64 27
U. Home of the child Jesus.	51 149 63 134 117 159 88 126

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 L	2 F	3 G		4 D	5 A	6 R		7 G	8 O	9 P	10 Q	11 F
12 D	13 L	14 N		15 E	16 H	17 R	18 L	19 O	20 M		21 J	22 M	23 P	24 B		25 B
26 P		27 T	28 R	29 E	30 K	31 L		32 N	33 Q		34 A	35 T	36 Q	37 K		38 F
39 A	40 H		41 P	42 S	43 E	44 J		45 S	46 R	47 C	48 N	49 T	50 M	51 U	52 O	53 K
54 J	55 I		56 L	57 C	58 J	59 R	60 F	61 S	62 G	63 U	64 T	65 E		66 Q	67 M	68 L
	69 D	70 O	71 K	72 H	73 L	74 I	75 Q	76 S		77 B	78 P	79 N	80 A	81 H	82 K	83 C
84 R	85 E		86 G	87 B	88 U	89 Q		90 J	91 F	92 S	93 M	94 B	95 D	96 N	97 O	98 A
99 T	100 Q	101 L		102 G	103 R	104 J	105 I	106 N	107 F		108 I	109 R	110 F	111 G		112 K
113 G	114 I	115 J		116 O	117 U	118 I	119 D	120 C		121 J	122 K	123 F		124 P	125 K	126 U
127 F	128 O		129 Q	130 H	131 O	132 M	133 A		134 U	135 R		136 M	137 E	138 B		139 F
140 T	141 P	142 A	143 M		144 N	145 D		146 O	147 S	148 H	149 U	150 J	151 G	152 N	153 L	
154 B	155 L	156 P		157 N	158 J	159 U		160 N	161 R	162 L	163 E	164 C	165 P	166 H	167 A	
168 L	169 N		170 P	171 N	172 Q		173 D	174 P	175 C	176 G	177 R					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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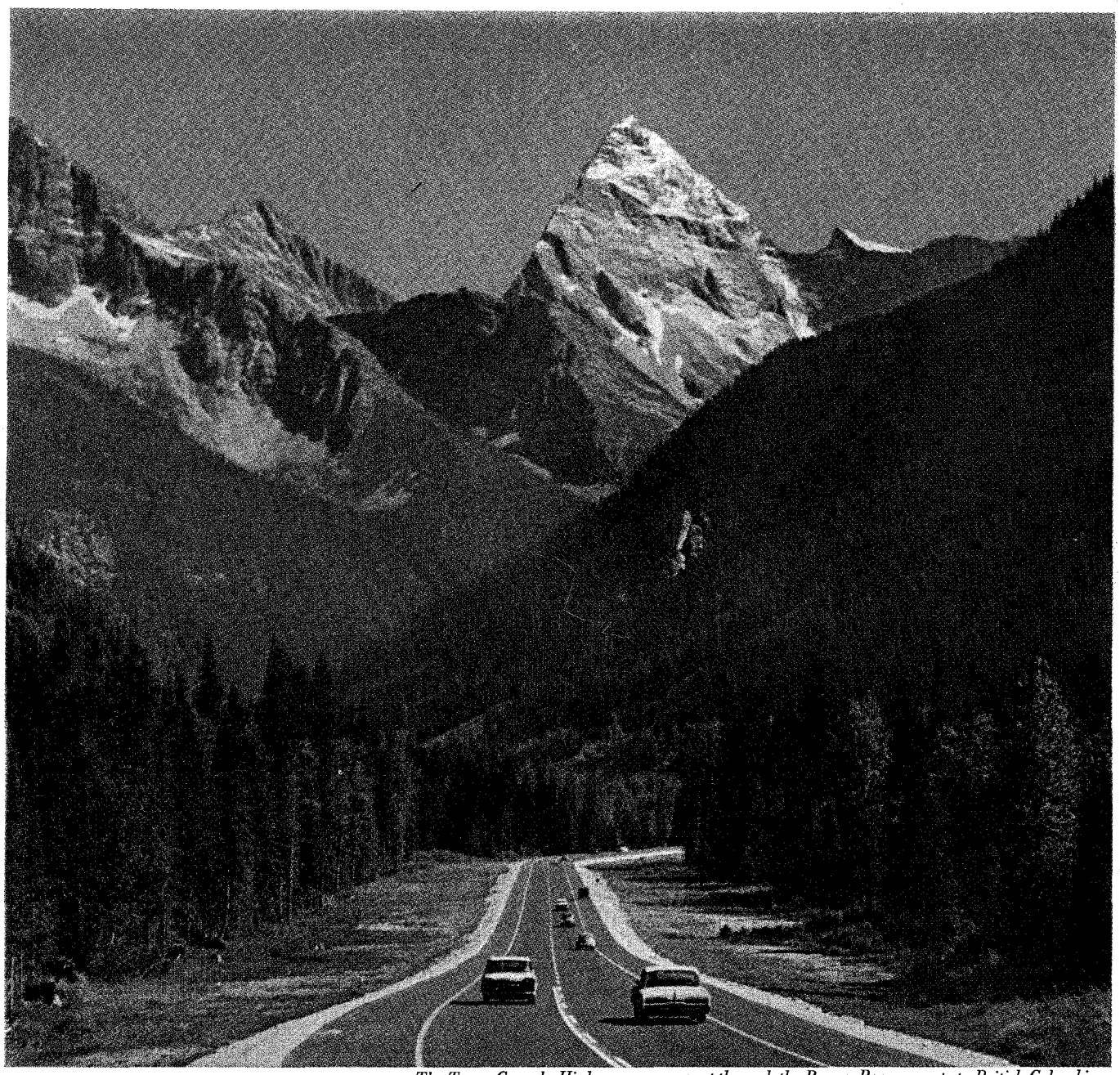

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